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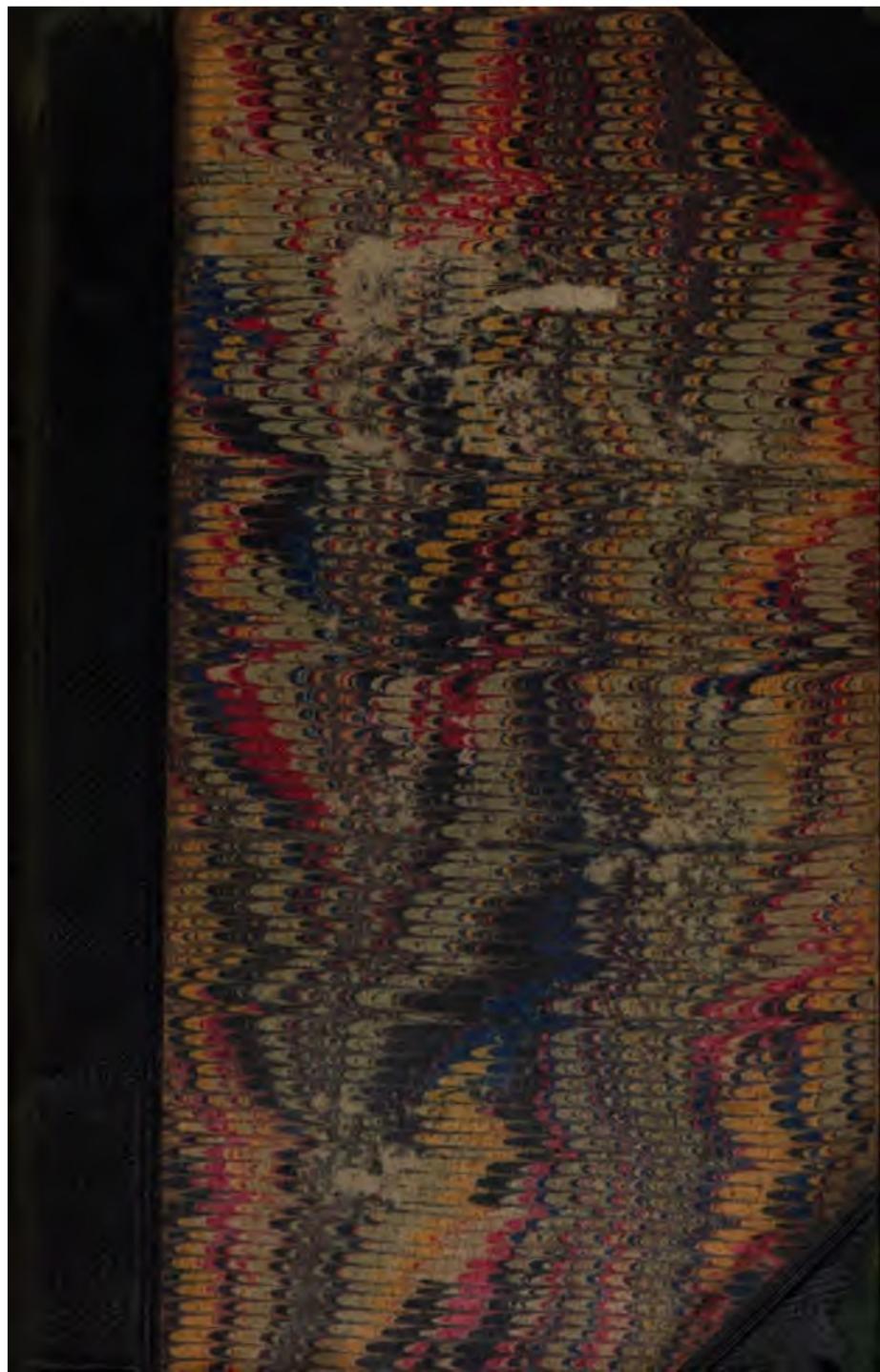
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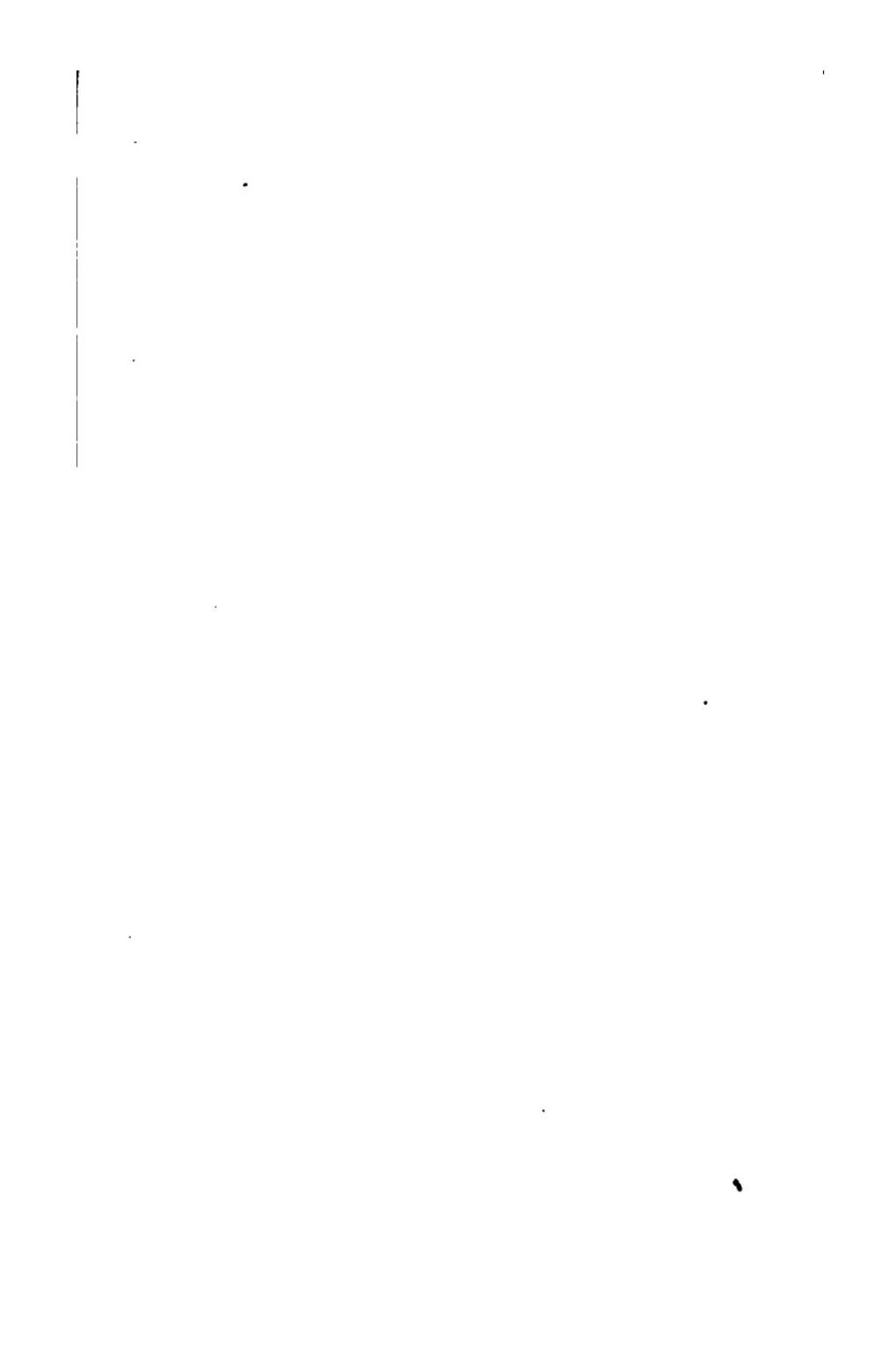
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THE  
**BRITISH POETS.**

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**One Hundred Volumes.**

**VOL. XXIX.**



THE  
**BRITISH POETS.**

INCLUDING  
**TRANSLATIONS.**

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

**XXIX.**

POMFRET. FENTON.

CHISWICK:

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THE  
POEMS  
OF  
POMFRET, AND FENTON.

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THE  
**POEMS**  
OF  
**John Pomfret.**



THE  
**LIFE OF JOHN POMFRET.**  
BY  
**DR. JOHNSON.**

---

**O**F MR. JOHN POMFRET nothing is known but from a slight and confused account prefixed to his poems by a nameless friend; who relates, that he was the son of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire; that he was bred at Cambridge<sup>1</sup>; entered into orders, and was rector of Malden in Bedfordshire, and might have risen in the Church; but that, when he applied to Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for institution to a living of considerable value, to which he had been presented, he found a troublesome obstruction raised by a malicious interpretation of some passage in his ‘Choice;’ from which it was inferred, that he considered happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a mistress than of a wife.

This reproach was easily obliterated: for it had happened to Pomfret as to almost all other men who plan schemes of life; he had departed from his purpose, and was then married.

<sup>1</sup> He was of Queen’s College, where he appears to have taken his Bachelor’s degree in 1684, and his Master’s in 1698.

The malice of his enemies had however a very fatal consequence : the delay constrained his attendance in London, where he caught the small-pox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

He published his poems in 1699; and has been always the favourite of that class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement.

His 'Choice' exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations ; such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been oftener perused than 'Pomfret's Choice.'

In his other poems there is an easy volubility ; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiment. He pleases many ; and he who pleases many, must have some species of merit.

# POEMS

OF

## JOHN POMFRET.

---

### THE CHOICE.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might choose my method how to live;  
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,  
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;  
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,  
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;  
Better if on a rising ground it stood;  
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.  
It should within no other things contain  
But what are useful, necessary, plain;  
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,  
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.  
A little garden, grateful to the eye:  
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:  
On whose delicious banks a stately row  
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.  
At the end of which a silent study placed,  
With all the noblest authors graced:

Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines  
Immortal wit and solid learning shines ;  
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,  
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :  
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,  
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,  
Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;  
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :  
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,  
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.  
In some of these, as fancy should advise,  
I'd always take my morning exercise :  
For sure no minutes bring us more content,  
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
That I might live genteelly, but not great :  
As much as I could moderately spend ;  
A little more, sometimes to' oblige a friend.  
Nor should the sons of poverty repine  
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine ;  
And all that objects of true pity were,  
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare ;  
For that our Maker has too largely given,  
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven ;  
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;  
With healthy, not luxurious dishes spread ;  
Enough to satisfy and something more,  
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.  
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food  
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.  
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,  
And the bright lamp of life continue long,  
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,  
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stored  
With the best wines each vintage could afford :  
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse ;  
By making all our spirits debonair,  
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.  
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends  
May be debauched, and serve ignoble ends,  
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice  
Does many mischievous effects produce.  
My house should no such rude disorders know,  
As from high drinking consequently flow ;  
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,  
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.  
If any neighbour came, he should be free,  
Used with respect, and not uneasy be,  
In my retreat, or to himself or me.  
What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,  
All men may, with impunity, receive :  
But the least swerving from their rule's too much ;  
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,  
And all my joys refined, sincere, and great ;  
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be  
A great advance to my felicity :  
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,  
Discreet, and men as well as books have known :  
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free  
From loose behaviour or formality :  
Airy and prudent ; merry, but not light ;  
Quick in discerning, and in judging right :  
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust ;  
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just ;  
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;  
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave ;

Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; tried  
By solid reason, and let that decide ;  
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate ;  
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state :  
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;  
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight ;  
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar ; true,  
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.  
In their society I could not miss  
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss. [choose  
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd  
(For who would so much satisfaction lose  
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)  
Near some obliging modest fair to live :  
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,  
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find !  
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,  
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart,  
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.  
I'd have her reason all her passion sway ;  
Easy in company, in private gay ;  
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;  
Still constant to herself, and just to me.  
A soul she should have for great actions fit ;  
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit ;  
Courage to look bold danger in the face ;  
No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;  
Quick to advise, by an emergence press'd,  
To give good counsel, or to take the best.  
I'd have the' expression of her thoughts be such,  
She might not seem reserved, nor talk too much :  
That shows a want of judgment and of sense ;  
More than enough is but impertinence.  
Her conduct regular, her mirth refined ;  
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :

Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;  
In all the methods of deceit untried ;  
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,  
No censure might upon her actions fall :  
Then would even Envy be compelled to say,  
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I 'd sometimes retire ;  
Her conversation would new joys inspire ;  
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,  
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.  
But so divine, so noble a repast  
I 'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :  
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,  
By a too frequent and too bold a use ;  
And what would cheer the spirits in distress  
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;  
Beloved by all, not vainly popular.  
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,  
To 'oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford,  
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.  
Law-suits I 'd shun, with as much studious care,  
As I would dens where hungry lions are ;  
And rather put up injuries, than be  
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.  
I value quiet at a price too great,  
To give for my revenge so dear a rate :  
For what do we by all our bustle gain,  
But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,  
Thus I 'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.  
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)

Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.  
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;  
But by a silent and a peaceful death,  
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave;  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men would wish to live and die like me.

---

## LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

## A VISION.

THOUGH gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious  
breast  
All the long night, and drove away my rest,  
Just as the dawning day began to rise,  
A grateful slumber closed my waking eyes;  
But active fancy to strange regions flew,  
And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,  
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.  
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amazed,  
And I on each with equal wonder gazed;  
Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:  
The noble product of some Power Divine.  
But as I traversed the obliging shade,  
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses made,  
I saw a person whose celestial face  
At first declared her goddess of the place;

But I discover'd, when approaching near,  
An aspect full of beauty, but severe.  
Bold and majestic : every awful look  
Into my soul a secret horror struck.  
Advancing further on, she made a stand,  
And beckon'd me ; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand :  
Then thus began.—‘ Bright Deity ! (for so  
You are, no mortals such perfections know)  
I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd  
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,  
I'm wholly ignorant ; nor know I more,  
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.  
Instruct me then, that I no longer may  
In darkness serve the goddess I obey.’

‘ Youth ! (she replied) this place belongs to one,  
By whom you 'll be, and thousands are undone.  
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,  
Are in the government of dangerous powers.  
Love 's the capricious master of this coast ;  
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.  
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,  
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings ;  
But have an empire of a nobler kind :  
My regal seat 's in the celestial mind ;  
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,  
I rule, and make those happy I command.  
For, while I govern, all within 's at rest ;  
No stormy passion revels in my breast :  
But when my power is despicable grown,  
And rebel-appetites usurp the throne,  
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys ;  
But all is tumult, and eternal noise. [spised ;  
Know, youth ! I 'm Reason, which you 'ave oft de-  
I am that Reason, which you never prized :

And though my argument successless prove,  
(For Reason seems impertinence in love)  
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind  
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)  
Into the grasp of any ruin run,  
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.  
Fly, youth, these guilty shades ; retreat in time,  
Ere your mistake's converted to a crime :  
For ignorance no longer can atone,  
When once the error and the fault is known.  
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines  
Imprudently to value all that shines,  
In these retirements freely to possess  
True joy, and strong substantial happiness :  
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,  
In crowds, her tributary fops appear ;  
Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,  
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.  
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules  
In this capacious realm of idle fools :  
Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,  
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.  
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,  
By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;  
But safely to return from this abode,  
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god :  
Though you, who have not tasted that delight,  
Which only at a distance charms your sight,  
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart :  
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.  
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,  
Is truly great; nor would I make it less :  
That were to wrong her, where she merits most;  
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.

And who would run, that's moderately wise,  
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?  
If you miscarry, you are lost so far  
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)  
You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear  
Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.  
Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move  
Old age and frozen impotence to love:  
But do not venture, where such danger lies;  
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,  
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart  
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.  
You draw, insensibly, destruction near;  
And love the danger which you ought to fear.  
If the light pains you labour under now  
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;  
You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,  
When heavier made by an imperious scorn:  
Nor can you hope she will your passion hear  
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,  
Than those of other swains; who always found,  
She rather widen'd than closed up the wound.  
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give  
Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive;  
The short-lived pleasure would so quickly cloy,  
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,  
You'd have but small encouragement to boast  
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.  
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,  
What strange inquietudes Love always brings!  
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,  
Which still attend upon this fond disease:  
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;  
Call every feature, every look, divine:

Command each sentence with an humble smile ;  
Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style :  
Servilely rail at all she disapproves !  
And as ignobly flatter all she loves :  
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,  
While she puts off impertinence for wit :  
Like setting-dog, now whipp'd for springing game,  
You must be made by due correction tame.  
But if you can endure the nauseous rule  
Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.  
You know the danger, your own methods use ;  
The good or evil's in your power to choose ;  
But who'd accept a short and dubious bliss  
On the declining of a precipice ;  
Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save  
The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?

‘ Thou great directress of our minds ! (said I)  
We safely on your dictates may rely ;  
And that which you have now so kindly press'd,  
Is true, and, without contradiction, best :  
But with a steady sentence to control  
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,  
While gay temptations hover in our sight,  
And daily bring new objects of delight,  
Which on us with surprising beauty smile,  
Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.  
The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;  
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.  
And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,  
I'll chase her bright idea from my breast :  
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,  
And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,  
I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,  
Love was my foe ; and Love's a deity.’

Then she rejoin'd ; ' May you successful prove,  
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love :  
Then will proud passion own her rightful lord,  
You to yourself, I to my throne restored :  
But to confirm your courage, and inspire  
Your resolution with a bolder fire,  
Follow me, youth ! I'll show you that shall move  
Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.'

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,  
Which melancholy yew and cypress made ;  
Where I beheld an antiquated pile  
Of rugged building in a narrow isle ;  
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,  
Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.  
The ruin'd wall, composed of stinking mud,  
O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood ;  
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view :  
'Twas both an hospital and bedlam too.  
Before the entrance mouldering bones were spread,  
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead ;  
A little rubbish, loosely scatter'd o'er  
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.  
No funeral rites to any here were paid,  
But, dead, like dogs into the dust convey'd.  
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought  
Through various turnings to a spacious vault,  
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,  
Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,  
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had ;  
Which made the prospect more amazing sad,  
Some wept, some raved, some musically mad :  
Some swearing loud, and others laughing : some  
Were always talking ; others, always dumb.

Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,  
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires ;  
There hangs a second ; and, not far removed,  
A third lies poison'd, who false Celia loved.  
All sorts of madness, every kind of death,  
By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,  
Were here exposed before my wandering eyes,  
The sad effects of female treacheries ;  
Others I saw, who were not quite bereft  
Of sense, though very small remains were left,  
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,  
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.  
These on the left.—Upon the right a view  
Of equal horror, equal misery too ;  
Amazing ! all employ'd my troubled thought,  
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.  
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng  
Of pale, lean mortals ; some lay stretch'd along  
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor ;  
Others extended naked on the floor ;  
Exiled from human pity, here they lie,  
And know no end of misery till they die.  
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days  
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,  
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more :  
For sure that flame is kindled from below,  
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,  
From this stupendous scene of miseries ;  
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,  
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.  
‘ Here, youth, (she cried) in the acutest pain,  
Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain

Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to  
 Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses ; [please  
 Who, after all their services, preferr'd  
 Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd  
 Before those wretches ; who, despairing, dwell  
 In agonies no human tongue can tell.  
 Darkness prevents the too amazing sight ;  
 And you may bless the happy want of light.'  
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,  
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,  
 So very sad, I could endure no more ;  
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide, said I, ' For pity now  
 Conduct me back ; here I confirm my vow.  
 Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,  
 To die thus wretched, and repent too late.  
 The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue :  
 Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too !'

Then we return'd to the delightful grove,  
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.  
 ' You see, (she cried) what misery attends  
 On Love, and where too frequently it ends ;  
 And let not that unwieldy passion sway  
 Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.  
 The masculine, brave spirit, scorns to own  
 The proud usurper of my sacred throne ;  
 Nor with idolatrous devotion pays,  
 To the false god, or sacrifice or praise.  
 The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear ;  
 But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear :  
 And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice  
 As much delights, as certainly destroys.  
 Ambrosia mix'd with aconite may have  
 A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave :

For though the latent poison may be still  
Awhile, it very seldom fails to kill.  
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die  
Within a day, or live in misery?  
Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head  
A poniard hung but by a single thread<sup>1</sup>?  
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,  
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;  
Who, when the sated appetite is tired,  
E'en loathe the thoughts of what they once admired.  
You've promised, Strephon, to forsake the charms  
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:  
And sure I may your resolution trust;  
You'll never want temptation, but be just.  
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;  
You're always bound, though 'tis a gentle yoke.  
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,  
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:  
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,  
With such a prospect of success as I.  
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,  
Who know his arts, and stratagems despise,  
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,  
To make himself the deity of fools:  
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,  
Some, while they're sots; and others, while they  
starve;  
For those who under his wild conduct go,  
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;  
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,  
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:  
In vain philosophy would set the mind  
At liberty, if once by him confined:

<sup>1</sup> The feast of Damocles.

The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,  
A while may struggle, but at last submit :  
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem  
But empty chat, impertinence to him :  
His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,  
They make all prudent application vain.  
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,  
To taste the sweetness of internal peace ;  
Would not for safety to a battle fly,  
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die ;  
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,  
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.'

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found  
Myself transported to a rising ground,  
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey ;  
Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay ;  
There I beheld the' apartments of delight,  
Whose curious forms obliged the wondering sight :  
Some in full view upon the champaign placed,  
With lofty walls and cooling streams embraced :  
Others, in shady groves, retired from noise,  
The seat of private and exalted joys.  
At a great distance I perceived there stood  
A stately building in a spacious wood,  
Whose gilded turrets raised their beauteous heads  
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,  
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,  
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.  
But while I gazed with admiration round,  
I heard from far celestial music sound ;  
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all  
The artful charming notes did rise and fall,  
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,  
Shook off the pressures of its former fears :

I felt afresh the little god begin  
To stir himself, and gently move within.  
Then I repented I had vow'd no more  
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.  
Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,  
And made an exile, by my own consent ?  
(I sighing cried) why should I live in pain  
Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again ?  
O Delia ! what can wretched Strephon do ?  
Inhuman to himself, and false to you !  
'Tis true, I've promised Reason to remove  
From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love :  
But is not Reason partially unkind ?  
Are all her votaries, like me, confined ?  
Must none, that under her dominion live,  
To Love and Beauty veneration give ?  
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace  
With a majestic mien, and charming face ?  
Why did she give her that surprising air ;  
Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair ;  
Mistress of all that can affection move,  
If Reason will not suffer us to love ?  
But, since it must be so, I'll haste away ;  
'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.  
From you, bless'd shades ! (if I may call you so  
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go :  
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here ;  
I may find safety, but I buy it dear.'

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,  
Such as of old were messengers of joy :  
' Who art thou, or from whence ? if sent (said I)  
To me, my haste requires a quick reply.'

' I come (he cried) from yon celestial grove,  
Where stands the temple of the God of Love ;

With whose important favour you are graced,  
And justly in his high protection placed :  
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,  
Whose sceptre ne'er is changed into a rod ;  
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,  
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best have bow'd ;  
That god, whom all the lesser gods adore,  
First in existence, and the first in power.  
From him I come, on embassy divine,  
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;  
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;  
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.  
If you dare push your fortune, if you dare  
But be resolved, and press the yielding fair,  
Success and glory will your labours crown ;  
For fate does rarely on the valiant frown.  
But were you sure to be unkindly used,  
Boldly received, and scornfully refused,  
He greater glory and more fame obtains,  
Who loses Delia, than who Phillis gains.  
But to prevent all fears that may arise,  
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)  
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,  
Where all things past, and present, and to come,  
Are writ, I saw these words—" It is decreed,  
That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."  
What would you more? while youth and vigour last,  
Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast.  
In youth alone you're capable to prove  
The mighty transports of a generous love :  
Youth's the best time for action mortals have ;  
That past, they touch the confines of the grave,  
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,  
To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,

Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,  
Where all is one continued ecstasy.  
Delia impatiently expects you there :  
And sure you will not disappoint the fair.  
None but the impotent or old would stay,  
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.'

' Oh ! you convey, (said I), dear charming boy,  
Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.  
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue ;  
I 've promised Reason, and I must be true ;  
Reason 's the rightful empress of the soul,  
Does all exorbitant desires control,  
Checks every wild excursion of the mind,  
By her wise dictates happily confined ;  
And he that will not her commands obey,  
Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.  
True, I love Delia to a vast excess,  
But I must try to make my passion less :  
Try, if I can ; if possible, I will ;  
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.  
Oh ! had I not, with what a vigorous flight  
Could I pursue the quarries of delight !  
How could I press fair Delia in these arms,  
Till I dissolved in love, and she in charms !  
But now no more must I her beauties view ;  
Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too.  
What would I give, I might my flame allow !  
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow :  
Two mighty obstacles : though Love of old  
Has broke through greater, stronger powers con-  
troll'd.  
Should I offend, by high example taught,  
Twould not be an inexpiable fault :

The crimes of malice have found grace above ;  
And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love.  
Couldst thou, my angel, but instruct me how  
I might be happy, and not break my vow ;  
Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;  
You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.  
Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;  
Both would command, and both superior be.  
Reason's supported by the sinewy force  
Of solid argument, and wise discourse :  
But Love pretends to use no other arms,  
Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.  
One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove  
A rebel to my Reason, or to Love ?  
But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,  
Delia may be unkind, and faithless too,  
Reject my passion with a proud disdain,  
And scorn the love of such an humble swain :  
Then should I labour under mighty grief,  
Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.  
So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey  
Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,  
Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,  
Early or late, too sad a share of woe.  
Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,  
Reason just now exposed before my view ?  
If Delia should be cruel, I must be  
A sad partaker of their misery.  
But your encouragements so strongly move,  
I'm almost tempted to pursue my love :  
For sure no treacherous designs should dwell  
In one that argues and persuades so well :  
For what could Love by my destruction gain ?  
Love's an immortal god, and I a swain ;

And sure I may without suspicion trust  
A god, for gods can never be unjust.'

' Right you conclude, (replied the smiling boy),  
Love ruins none ; 'tis men themselves destroy :  
And those vile wretches whom you lately saw,  
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.  
They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;  
Nor is their punishment so great as just :  
For Love and Lust essentially divide,  
Like day and night, Humility and Pride ;  
One darkness hides, the' other does always shine ;  
This of infernal make, and that divine.  
Reason no generous passion does oppose :  
'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.  
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,  
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came :  
In this her precepts should obedience find ;  
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.  
You err in thinking she would disapprove  
The brave pursuit of honourable love ;  
And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence,  
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.  
She could not such insipid counsel give,  
As not to love at all ; 'tis not to live.  
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,  
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes,  
Could you contented see the' angelic maid  
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid ?  
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,  
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms ?  
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,  
The most entire felicity below ;  
Which is by Fate alone reserved for you :  
Monarchs have been denied ; for monarchs sue.

I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize ;  
 Or 'twould be cheap and low in noble eyes :  
 But there is one soft minute, when the mind  
 Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;  
 Which the wise lover understanding right,  
 Steals in like day upon the wings of light.  
 You urge your vow ; but can those vows prevail,  
 Whose first foundation and whose reason fail ?  
 You vow'd to leave fair Delia ; but you thought  
 Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.  
 But since your judgment err'd, it has no force  
 To bind at all, but is dissolved of course ;  
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,  
 But banish all the dull remains of fear.  
 Dare you be happy, youth ?—but dare, and be :  
 I'll be your convoy to the charming she.  
 What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?  
 View her, and then forsake her if you will.'

‘ I'll go, (said I) ; once more I'll venture all :  
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.  
 Beauty no mortal can resist ; and Jove  
 Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.  
 Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive :  
 Angels alone without offending live.  
 I go astray but as the wise have done,  
 And act a folly which they did not shun.’

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,  
 Were soon saluted by a numerous train  
 Of happy lovers, who consumed their hours,  
 With constant jollity in shady bowers.  
 There I beheld the bless'd variety  
 Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :  
 Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;  
 Though all went different ways, yet all went right.

None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought :  
Love to one centre every turning brought.  
We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and  
glades,

By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades ;  
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,  
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood :  
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows  
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows ;  
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait  
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate :  
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,  
By secret motions, was to warm the fair,  
To kindle eager longings for the joy,  
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight,  
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height :  
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone  
With such an admirable lustre shone,  
As if some architect divine had strove  
To' outdo the palace of imperial Jove ;  
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,  
With diamonds of a mighty size inlaid ;  
Here stood the winged guards, in order placed,  
With shining darts and golden quivers graced :  
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,  
And cried aloud, 'Tune, tune your warbling strings ;  
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice  
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :  
With harmony divine his soul inspire,  
That he may boldly touch the sacred fire ;  
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,  
Celestial incense and perfumes prepare ;  
While our great god her panting bosom warms,  
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.'

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes  
A wondrous scene of glory did surprise :  
The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all  
Did equally for admiration call !  
But the description is a labour fit  
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made  
Of solid gold, where adoration's paid ;  
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,  
Not daring boldly to approach too near ;  
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,  
And bid me touch the consecrated flame ;  
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd  
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.  
Before the entrance was her altar raised,  
On pedestals of polish'd marble placed :  
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,  
Who troops of missionary Loves commands :  
To him with soft addresses all repair :  
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair :  
Though still in vain they importuned ; for he  
Would give encouragement to none but me.  
'There stands the youth (he cried) must take a bliss ;  
The lovely Delia can be none but his :  
Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love  
Confirms below what that decrees above.  
Then press no more ; there's not another swain  
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.  
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew  
Your vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.  
But if you dare be false, dare perjured prove,  
You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love  
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.'

' Hear me, ye gods, (said I), now hear me swear,  
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair !  
 If I prove false to Delia, let me fall  
 The common obloquy, condemn'd by all !  
 Let me the utmost of your vengeance try ;  
 Forced to live wretched, and unpitied die !'

Then he exposed the lovely sleeping maid,  
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.  
 The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd  
 What tender thoughts inspired her heaving breast.  
 Sometimes a sigh half smother'd stole away ;  
 Then she would 'Strephon, charming Strephon,'

say :

Sometimes she, smiling, cried, ' You love, 'tis true ;  
 But will you always, and be faithful too ?'  
 Ten thousand graces play'd about her face ;  
 Ten thousand charms attending every grace :  
 Each admirable feature did impart  
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.  
 The nymph<sup>1</sup> imprison'd in the brazen tower,  
 When Jove descended in a golden shower,  
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes  
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.  
 So moving, so transporting was the sight,  
 So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,  
 My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,  
 Lay all dissolved in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gazed ; but as I trembling drew  
 Nearer, to make a more obliging view,  
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise  
 Waked me, and put an end to all my joys.

<sup>1</sup> Danae.

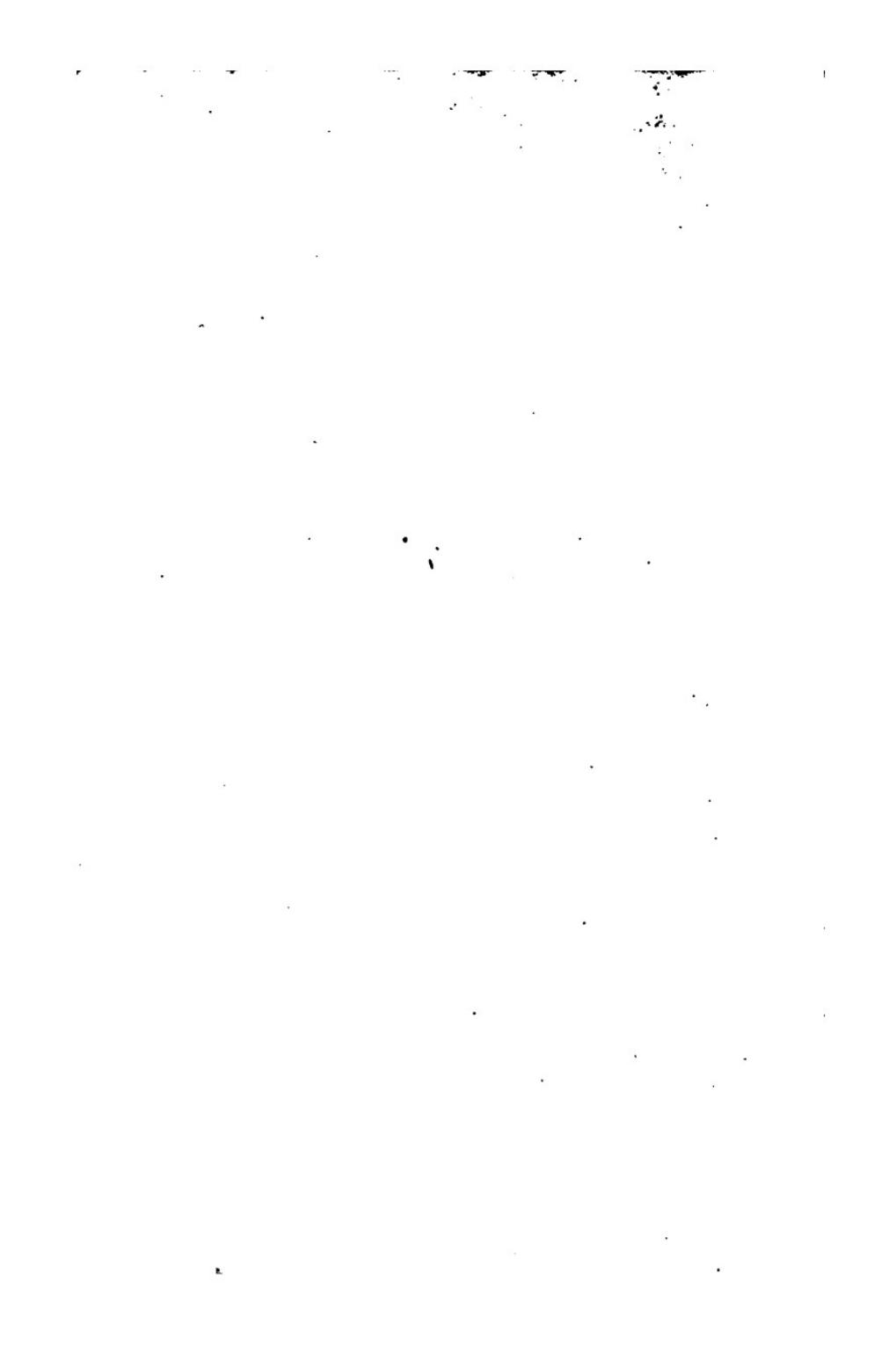


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THE  
FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,  
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,  
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,  
And the hard usage of too partial Fate,  
Thus the sad youth complain'd : ' Once happy  
swain,

Now the most abject shepherd of the plain !  
Where's that harmonious concert of delights,  
Those peaceful days and pleasurable nights,  
That generous mirth and noble jollity,  
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee ?  
Dispersed and banish'd from my troubled breast ;  
Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

' Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,  
And play in torment such a losing game ?  
All things conspire to make my ruin sure ;  
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.  
But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,  
When our last hope is just upon the wing ;  
And in a moment drives those clouds away,  
Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

' Why was I born, or why do I survive ;  
To be made wretched only, kept alive ?  
Fate is too eruel in the harsh decree,  
That I must live, yet live in misery.  
Are all its pleasing happy moments gone ?  
Must Strephon be unfortunate alone ?

On other swains it lavishly bestows ;  
On them each nymph neglected favour throws :  
They meet compliance still in every face,  
And lodge their passions in a kind embrace ;  
Obtaining from the soft incurious maid  
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.  
Success on Mævius always does attend ;  
Inconstant fortune is his constant friend :  
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit ;  
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.  
But let him conquer ere one blow be struck :  
I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius' luck.  
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains  
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains :  
But rather still live Delia's slave, than be  
Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.  
But he is happy, loves the common road ;  
And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.  
If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,  
It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.  
A little joy his languid flame contents,  
And makes him easy under all events.  
But when a passion's noble and sublime,  
And higher still would every moment climb ;  
If 'tis accepted with a just return,  
The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,  
And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,  
That saints in paradise are scarce more bless'd.

‘ But I lament my miseries in vain ;  
For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.  
Suppose she pities, and believes me true,  
What satisfaction can from thence accrue,  
Unless her pity makes her love me too ?

Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,  
For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear)  
If she has scruples that oppose her will,  
I must, alas! be miserable still.

Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly  
Before the reasoning of the Deity :  
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,  
And suffer no copartner in his throne ;  
And those false arguments that would repel  
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

'What method can poor Strephon then propound,  
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,  
If she, who guided the vexatious dart,  
Resolves to cherish and increase the smart ?  
Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,  
Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love :  
Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate ;  
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate ;  
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind ;  
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.  
And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent  
(For sure they cannot be of large extent),  
In prayers for her thou lovest, resign thy breath,  
And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.'

Here paused the swain—when Delia driving by  
Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,  
By Love directed, did her steps convey  
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay ;  
As soon as he perceived the beauteous maid,  
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :

'When humble suppliants would the gods ap-  
And in severe afflictions beg for ease, [pease,  
With constant importunity they sue,  
And their petitions every day renew ;

Grow still more earnest as they are denied,  
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untried,  
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before  
Not only does return, but gives them more.

‘ O, do not blame me, Delia ! if I press  
So much, and with impatience, for redress.  
My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow ;  
For they are next to' intolerable now :  
How shall I then support them, when they grow  
To an excess, to a distracting woe ?  
Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,  
Relieve like Heaven, and, like the gods, be kind.  
Did you perceive the torments I endure,  
Which you first caused, and you alone can cure,  
They would your virgin soul to pity move,  
And pity may at last be changed to love.  
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,  
And lead the' incautious maid into a snare ;  
But let them suffer for their perjury,  
And do not punish others' crimes with me.  
If there's so many of our sex untrue,  
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few ;  
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate  
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.  
Your nature is to tenderness inclined :  
And why to me, to me alone unkind ?  
A common love, by other persons shown,  
Meets with a full return ; but mine has none :  
Nay, scarce believed, though from deceit as free  
As angels' flames can for archangels be.  
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is grieved,  
And values little if 'tis not received :  
But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,  
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

‘ Sometimes I please myself, and think you are  
Too good to make me wretched by despair :  
That tenderness, which in your soul is placed,  
Will move you to compassion sure at last.  
But when I come to take a second view  
Of my own merits, I despond of you :  
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,  
To raise in her the least esteem for me ?  
I’ve nought that can encourage my address ;  
My fortune’s little, and my worth is less :  
But if a love of the sublimest kind  
Can make impression on a generous mind,  
If all has real value that’s divine,  
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

‘ Perhaps you pity me ; I know you must ;  
And my affections can no more distrust :  
But what, alas ! will helpless pity do ?  
You pity, but you may despise me too.  
Still I am wretched, if no more you give :  
The starving orphan can’t on pity live :  
He must receive the food for which he cries,  
Or he consumes, and, though much pitied, dies.

‘ My torments still do with my passion grow :  
The more I love, the more I undergo.  
But suffer me no longer to remain  
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.  
My wound requires some speedy remedy :  
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.  
Much I’ve endured, much more than I can tell ;  
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
When will the end of all my sorrows be ?  
Can you not love ? I’m sure you pity me.  
But if I must new miseries sustain,  
And be condemn’d to more and stronger pain,

I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such;  
I please too little, and I love too much.'

' Strephon, no more : (the blushing Delia said)  
Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid ;  
Now I'm convinced your love's sublime and true,  
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.  
Each kind expression, every tender thought,  
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought :  
And though in secret I your flame approved,  
I sigh'd and grieved, but durst not own I loved.  
Though now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess,  
What shame will not allow me to confess.'

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,  
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.  
By too sublime an ecstasy possess'd,  
He trembled, gazed, and clasp'd her to his breast ;  
Adored the nymph that did his pain remove,  
Vow'd endless truth and everlasting love.

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### STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace  
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze :  
But happy those, who, by a prudent care,  
Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free  
From the same failure you condemn in me :  
They loved, and, by that glorious passion led,  
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.

Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,  
They had collected from the wrangling schools ;  
And made them to his noble sway submit,  
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit.  
Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful proved :  
These dusty characters he soon removed ;  
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,  
Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew ;  
Unable to oppose their mighty force  
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,  
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard ;  
My faults you too severely reprehend,  
More like a rigid censor than a friend.  
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,  
Knows no superior, by no laws confined ;  
But triumphs still, impatient of control,  
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,  
When in the bud her native beauties were ;  
Your praise did then her early charms confess,  
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.  
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,  
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,  
And what she is, by what she was, conclude ;  
For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,  
And every charm in its full vigour known.  
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,  
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:  
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,  
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast ;  
And her composure's of so fine a frame,  
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame,

When the immortal Beauties of the skies  
Contended naked for the golden prize,  
The apple had not fallen to Venus' share,  
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there ;  
In whom alone we all their graces find,  
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd  
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains  
adore,  
You'll value charming Delia still the more.  
Dorinda's mien's majestic, but her mind  
Is to revenge and peevishness inclined :  
Myrtilla's fair ; and yet Myrtilla's proud :  
Chloe has wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :  
Melania doats upon the silliest things ;  
And yet Melania like an angel sings.  
But in my Delia all endowments meet,  
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet ;  
All that can praise and admiration move,  
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she's apposite and gay,  
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say ;  
For, if the subject's of a serious kind,  
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refined ;  
But if divertive, her expression's fit,  
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit ;  
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords  
An idle thought the charity of words.  
The vices common to her sex can find  
No room, even in the suburbs of her mind ;  
Concluding wisely she's in danger still,  
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.  
Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,  
Whose near approach would formidable grow ;

While the unwary virgin is undone,  
 And meets the misery which she ought to shun.  
 Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay ;  
 But lets true judgment and right reason sway ;  
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend ;  
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.  
 Her darts are keen, but levell'd with such care,  
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :  
 For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,  
 We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon ! you would my flame approve,  
 Did you but hear her talk, and talk of love.  
 That tender passion to her fancy brings  
 The prettiest notions, and the softest things ;  
 Which are by her so movingly express'd,  
 They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.  
 'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart  
 Their native glories, unimproved by art :  
 By what she says I measure things above,  
 And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,  
 By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,  
 When evening comes, we secretly repair  
 To breathe in private, and unbend our care :  
 And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,  
 Some well-design'd, instructive poem read ;  
 Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,  
 At once delight and cultivate the mind :  
 Which are by her to more perfection brought,  
 By wise remarks upon the poet's thought ;  
 So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,  
 The empty sound of words from solid sense.  
 The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,  
 Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,

Can't on her judgment be imposed, and pass  
For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.  
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,  
Where first we mutually engaged to love,  
She smiling ask'd me, ' Whether I'd prefer  
An humble cottage on the plains with her,  
Before the pompous building of the great;  
And find content in that inferior state ?  
Said I, ' The question you propose to me,  
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,  
Were the degrees of my affection less  
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.  
In you I've all I can desire below,  
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow ;  
And, bless'd with you, I know not where to find  
A second choice, you take up all my mind.  
I'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,  
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,  
For all the splendour that a court can give,  
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.  
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known,  
(Too fatally related to a throne)  
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,  
For dangerous greatness and tumultuous courts ;  
Yet Fate should offer still its power in vain ;  
For what is power to such an humble swain ?  
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,  
Though half the globe should be assign'd my  
share.'

And would you have me, friend, (reflect again)  
Become the basest and the worst of men ?  
O, do not urge me ; Celadon, forbear ;  
I cannot leave her, she's too charming fair !

Should I your counsel in this case pursue,  
You might suspect me for a villain too :  
For sure that perjured wretch can never prove  
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

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## AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those, who hope hereafter Heaven to share,  
A rigorous exile here, can calmly bear ;  
And with collected spirits undergo  
The sad variety of pain below ;  
Yet with intense reflections antedate  
The mighty raptures of a future state :  
While the bright prospect of approaching joy  
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy :  
So though I 'm toss'd by giddy fortune's hand,  
Ev'n to the confines of my native land ;  
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,  
And break its waves upon the foaming shore :  
Though from my Delia banish'd, all that 's dear,  
That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here ;  
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,  
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give :  
That the dark treasury of time contains  
A glorious day, will finish all my pains ;  
And while I contemplate on joys to come  
My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.  
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,  
(When truth 's conspicuous, we need not swear ;  
Oaths would suppose a diffidence in you,  
That I am false, my flame fictitious too)

Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,  
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,  
I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give ;  
'Twould be the worst of miseries to live :  
For all my wishes and desires pursue,  
All I admire or covet here, is you.

Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,  
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,  
Then would my joys ascend to that degree,  
Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft as I wander in a silent shade,  
When bold vexation would my soul invade,  
I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,  
But what inclines my willing mind to you.  
The soft reflections on your sacred love,  
Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove ;  
Composing every faculty to rest,  
They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retired sometimes into a lonely grove,  
I think o'er all the stories of our love.  
What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,  
When in a masculine embrace I press'd  
The lovely Delia to my heaving breast :  
Then I remember, and with vast delight,  
The kind expressions of the parting night :  
Methought, the sun too quick return'd again,  
And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.  
Strong and contracted was our eager bliss,  
An age of pleasure in each generous kiss ;  
Years of delight, in moments we comprised,  
And heaven itself was there epitomized.

But when the glories of the eastern light,  
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,

' Farewell, my Delia, O farewell ! (said I)  
The utmost period of my time is nigh :  
Too cruel fate forbids my longer stay,  
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.  
But though I must my native plains forego,  
Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too,  
No change of fortune shall for ever move,  
The settled base of my immortal love.'

' And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,  
Be forced (you cried) to a remoter plain !  
The darling of my soul so soon removed ?  
The only valued, and the best beloved.  
Though other swains to me themselves address'd,  
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest :  
Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd,  
Little themselves, their passions less esteem'd :  
For my aversion with their flames increased,  
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleased.  
Though I'm deprived of my kind shepherd's sight,  
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night ;  
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still ?  
However, flatter me, and say you will.  
For should you entertain a rival love,  
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove,  
No mortal e'er could half so wretched be,  
For sure no mortal ever loved like me.'

' Your beauty, nymph (said I) my faith secures ;  
Those you once conquer must be always yours :  
For hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,  
No force can storm, no stratagem surprise ;  
Nor can I of captivity complain,  
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.  
The Cyprian queen in young Adonis' arms,  
Might fear, at last, he would despise her charms :

But I can never such a monster prove,  
To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.  
Would those who at celestial tables sit,  
Bless'd with immortal wine, immortal wit,  
Choose to descend to some inferior board,  
Which nought but scum, and nonsense, can afford ?  
Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,  
Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less :  
Their tinsel beauty may perhaps subdue  
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau ;  
But seem at best indifferent to me,  
Who none but you with admiration see.

' Now would the rolling orbs obey my will,  
I'd make the sun a second time stand still ;  
And to the lower world their light repay,  
When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day,  
Though our two souls with different passions prove,  
His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.  
It will not be ; the sun makes haste to rise,  
And takes possession of the eastern skies :  
Yet one kiss more, though millions are too few ;  
And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.'

As Adam by an injured Maker driven  
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven ;  
Compell'd to wander, and obliged to bear  
The harsh impressions of a ruder air,  
With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,  
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise :  
With a concern like his, did I review  
My native plains, my charming Delia too ;  
For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,  
It brings your fair idea to my mind,

Such was the happy place (I, sighing, say)  
Where I, and Delia, lovely Delia lay ;  
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,  
And make a grateful present of my heart.'  
Or if my friend, in his apartment, shows  
Some piece of Vandyke's, or of Angelo's,  
In which the artist has with wondrous care,  
Described the face of one exceeding fair ;  
Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,  
And every feature I admire and praise ;  
Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,  
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.  
If I converse with those, whom most admit  
To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit,  
They want some amiable, moving grace,  
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has.  
Forten good thoughts, amongst the crowd they vent,  
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,  
With each caprice, their giddy humours change.  
They from variety less joys receive,  
Than you alone are capable to give.  
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains,  
What they enjoy 's the refuse of the plains ;  
If for my share of happiness below,  
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow :  
Whatever blessings it can give beside,  
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

**A PASTORAL ESSAY****ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY,**

ANNO 1694.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd  
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had  
stray'd,  
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found  
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.  
Amazed, with eager haste he ran to know  
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe ;  
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,  
In these soft words his tender care express'd :

**STREPHON.**

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia ? Why appears  
My life, my soul, dissolved in briny tears ?  
Has some fierce tiger thy loved heifer slain,  
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain ?  
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep ?  
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep ?  
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,  
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

**COSMELIA.**

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell ?  
'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell ?  
Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled ?  
'Tis for Celestia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead !  
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,  
By an untimely dart untimely slain.

STREPHON.

Dead ! 'Tis impossible ! She cannot die :  
She's too divine, too much a deity :  
'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,  
Who wish, perhaps, the good Celestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah ! no ; the truth in every face appears ;  
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.  
Trembling and pale, I ran through all the plain,  
From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,  
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,  
Cried ' Oh, Cosmelia ! Oh, Celestia's dead ! '

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-boding croak  
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,  
Which straight by lightning was in shivers broke.  
But we our mischief feel, before we see ;  
Seized and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,  
No pompous things to make a glorious show,  
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,  
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)  
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse  
Celestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Celestia dead ! then 'tis in vain to live ;  
What's all the comfort that the plains can give ;  
Since she, by whose bright influence alone  
Our flocks increased, and we rejoiced, is gone ;

Since she, who round such beams of goodness  
spread,  
As gave new life to every swain, is dead ?

## COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring ;  
What joys can flowery May or April bring,  
When she, for whom the spacious plains were  
spread,  
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead ?  
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,  
To give to summer fruits a winter birth ;  
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields  
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields ;  
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless  
store  
Of Nature was preserved, is now no more !

## STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that's gay ;  
You will forget to sing, and I to play.  
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,  
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours :  
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,  
Ne'er to return, now fair Celestia's dead.

## COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays  
Of great Celestia's name, Celestia's praise :  
How good she was, how generous, how wise !  
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes !  
How charming all ; how much she was adored,  
Alive ; when dead, how much her loss deplored !  
A noble theme, and able to inspire  
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.

And since we do of such a princess sing,  
 Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing ;  
 And, while we do the lofty numbers join,  
 Her name will make the harmony divine.  
 Raise then thy tuneful voice ; and be the song  
 Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

## STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,  
 And left Celestia here to rule alone ;  
 With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
 When storms arose, did she the vessel steer !  
 And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
 How gentle was her sway in times of peace !  
 Justice and mercy did their beams unite,  
 And round her temples spread a glorious light ;  
 So quick she eased the wrongs of every swain,  
 She hardly gave them leisure to complain :  
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw  
 The' avenging sword of necessary law :  
 Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy ;  
 With grief she punish'd, and she saved with joy.

## COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,  
 Return'd in triumph to Celestia's arms,  
 She met her hero with a full desire ;  
 But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire :  
 Such mutual flames, so equally divine,  
 Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,  
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less ;  
 Both were immense, for both were in excess.

## STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess ! Oh, thrice happy swains !  
 Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains !

Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,  
 To mingle with the kindred of the skies,  
 Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ ;  
 The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy !

## COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautified her mind ;  
 There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd :  
 There too did piety and greatness wait ;  
 Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state :  
 Humble amidst the splendours of a throne :  
 Placed above all, and yet despising none.  
 And when a crown was forced on her by fate,  
 She with some pains submitted to be great.

## STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove  
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love :  
 To whose mysterious rites she always came,  
 With such an active, so intense a flame ;  
 The duties of religion seem'd to be  
 No more her care than her felicity.

## COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,  
 Pure as the light of a celestial ray,  
 Commanded all the motions of the soul  
 With such a soft, but absolute control, [please,  
 That, as she knew what best great Pan would  
 She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.  
 Him for her high exemplar she design'd,  
 Like him benevolent to all mankind.  
 Her foes she pitied, not desired their blood :  
 And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good :  
 Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,  
 (Maugre that violent temptation, power)

As if she thought it vulgar to resent,  
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,  
His high vicegerent, sacredly adored :  
Him with such piety and zeal she loved,  
The noble passion every hour improved ;  
Till it ascended to that glorious height,  
Twas next (if only next) to infinite.  
This made her so entire a duty pay,  
She grew at last impatient to obey :  
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal  
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,  
With it a chariot of etherial flame ;  
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres ;  
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,  
All glorious, all incomparably bright !  
While the immortal minds around her gaze  
On the excessive splendour of her rays ;  
And scarce believe a human soul could be  
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much ? O, who can mourn  
Enough o'er beautiful Celestia's urn ?  
So great a loss as this deserves excess  
Of sorrows ; all's too little that is less.

But, to supply the universal woe,  
 Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow :  
 All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,  
 With throbbing breasts, Celestia's fate bemoan ;  
 While marble rocks the common griefs partake,  
 And echo back those cries they cannot make.

## STREPHON.

Weep then, once fruitful vales, and spring with  
 yew !  
 Ye thirsty barren mountains, weep with dew !  
 Let every flower on this extended plain  
 Not droop but shrink into its womb again,  
 Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth !  
 Let every thing that's grateful, leave the earth !  
 Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,  
 And baneful venoms, in their place succeed !  
 Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharged with  
 grief,  
 Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief ;  
 Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,  
 Tell your astonish'd springs, Celestia's dead !

## COSMELIA.

Well have ye sung in an exalted strain,  
 The fairest nymph e'er graced the British plain.  
 Who knows but some officious angel may  
 Your grateful numbers to her ears convey !  
 That she may smile upon us from above,  
 And bless our mournful plains with peace and love.

## STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair ;  
 For night with sable clouds obscures the air :

Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,  
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.  
Though with each morn our sorrows will return,  
Each even, like nightingales, we 'll sing and mourn,  
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

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TO

## A FRIEND UNDER AFFLICITION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,  
Where every morning soon new troubles brings,  
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,  
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.  
Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are  
Above the malice of perplexing care:  
But that 's a blessing too sublime, too high,  
For those who bend beneath mortality.  
If in the body there was but one part  
Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,  
And but one passion could torment the mind;  
That part, that passion, busy fate would find.  
But, since infirmities in both abound,  
Since sorrow both so many ways can wound:  
'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve  
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breathed on earth,  
With all the glories of estate and birth,  
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know  
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.  
To be from all things that disquiet free,  
Is not consistent with humanity.  
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,  
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,

We think the person who enjoys so much,  
No care can move, and no affliction touch;  
Yet could we but some secret method find  
To view the dark recesses of the mind,  
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,  
And woes in embryo ripening into life :  
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills  
The labouring spirit with prolific ills ;  
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,  
And all right reason's godlike power control ;  
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,  
Though all without appears serene and gay,  
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,  
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success  
Sometimes contribute to our happiness :  
But that which makes it genuine, refined,  
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.  
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,  
To try our virtues, or for punishment,  
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,  
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.  
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies ;  
They make us humble, and they make us wise ;  
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains  
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate  
The pious fervours of the soul abate ;  
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,  
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.  
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,  
And find our ruin in security ;  
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,  
And breaks the' enchantment by a timely grief.

But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,  
 In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;  
 So, in the most dejected hours, we may  
 The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;  
 And those requests the speediest passage find  
 To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:  
 And while to him we open our distress,  
 Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.  
 The finest music of the grove we owe  
 To mourning Philomele's harmonious woe;  
 And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,  
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;  
 In warbling melody she spends the night,  
 And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,  
 But he that made it did that choice repent.  
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,  
 We cannot level our own wishes right;  
 And if sometimes we make a wise advance,  
 To' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.  
 So that when Providence, for secret ends,  
 Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends;  
 We must conclude it best it should be so,  
 And not desponding or impatient grow.  
 For he that will his confidence remove  
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,  
 To place it on himself, or human aid,  
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.  
 But, in the keenest agonies of grief,  
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief:  
 Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most he likes;  
 And, if with humble spirits they complain,  
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND  
UNDER AFFLICITION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell  
An easy conquest to the powers of hell,  
There's none in every stage of life can be  
From the insults of bold affliction free.  
If a short respite gives us some relief,  
And interrupts the series of our grief,  
So quick the pangs of misery return,  
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refined, and to perfection brought  
By wise philosophy and serious thought,  
Supports the soul beneath the ponderous weight  
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate ;  
Then is the time she should exert her power,  
And make us practise what she taught before.  
For why are such voluminous authors read,  
The learned labours of the famous dead,  
But to prepare the mind for its defence,  
By sage results and well-digested sense ;  
That, when the storm of misery appears,  
With all its real or fantastic fears,  
We either may the rolling danger fly,  
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known  
With ease, what should, and what should not be  
Yet all the labour in the practice lies, [done;  
To be, in more than words and notion, wise ;  
The sacred truth of sound philosophy  
We study early, but we late apply.  
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,  
Right reason would its haughty rage control;

But, if it mayn't be suffer'd to endure,  
The pain is just, when we reject the cure :  
For many men, close observation finds,  
Of copious learning and exalted minds,  
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,  
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes ;  
As if they understood not how to be  
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity ;  
And by some action, servile or unjust,  
Lay all their formal glories in the dust.  
For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,  
And leaves him naked to his enemies :  
So that, when most his prudence should be shown  
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.  
For when the mind's surrounded with distress,  
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,  
And render it incapable to make  
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.  
Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,  
By reason bred and by religion taught,  
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,  
Unmoved remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep  
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep :  
But those events 'tis better not to know,  
Which known serve only to increase our woe.  
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)  
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.  
For, had our earliest parents been content  
Not to know more than to be innocent,  
Their ignorance of evil had preserved  
Their joys entire ; for then they had not swerved  
But they imagined (their desires were such)  
They knew too little, till they knew too much.

E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise ;  
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend ! who all your blessings gave,  
What are recall'd again, and what you have ;  
And do not murmur when you are bereft  
Of little, if you have abundance left :  
Consider too, how many thousands are  
Under the worst of miseries, despair ;  
And do n't repine at what you now endure :  
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.  
Once more consider that the present ill,  
Though it be great, may yet be greater still ;  
And be not anxious ; for, to undergo  
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.  
But since it is impossible to be  
Human, and not exposed to misery,  
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can ;  
You are not more, and be not less than man !

Afflictions past can no existence find  
But in the wild ideas of the mind ;  
And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,  
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ?  
Those that can weather a tempestuous night,  
And find a calm approaching with the light,  
Will not, unless their reason they disown,  
Still make those dangers present that are gone.  
What is behind the curtain none can see ;  
It may be joy : suppose it misery :  
Tis future still ; and that which is not here,  
May never come, or we may never bear.  
Therefore the present ill alone we ought  
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought :  
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,  
He's always happy, that is always just.

TO  
HIS FRIEND,  
INCLINED TO MARRY.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, choose a mate  
 From too exalted, or too mean a state ;  
 For in both these we may expect to find  
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.  
 Who moves within the middle region, shares  
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.  
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine ;  
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine :  
 Her education liberal, not great ;  
 Neither inferior nor above her state.  
 Let her have wit : but let that wit be free  
 From affectation, pride, or pedantry :  
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,  
 Too little is as dangerous as too much.  
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine ;  
 Unless where yours does to a fault incline ;  
 The least disparity in this destroys,  
 Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.  
 Her person amiable, straight, and free  
 From natural or chance deformity.  
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine ;  
 For women past their vigour soon decline :  
 Her fortune competent ; and, if thy sight  
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
 If thine 's enough, then her's may be the less :  
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.  
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,  
 Is a genteel sufficiency, and love.

TO  
A PAINTER,  
DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment show;  
Exceed even Titian, and great Angelo:  
With all the liveliness of thought express  
The moving features of Dorinda's face.  
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;  
Her charms thy colours, and thy art excels.  
Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have  
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:  
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see  
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;  
So great, so many in her face unite,  
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,  
No human skill can e'er express them all,  
But must do wrong to the' fair original.  
An angel's hand alone that pencil fits,  
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be,  
As art of man can paint a deity;  
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,  
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:  
But when compared, you'll be obliged to own  
No art can equal what's by Nature done.  
Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,  
The picture fairer than the person drew:  
He took the best that Nature could impart,  
And made it better by his powerful art.  
But had he seen that bright surprising grace,  
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,  
Vain had been all the essays of his skill:  
She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,  
And look as bright as painted light can shine;  
But still the real glories of the place  
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

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TO  
**THE PAINTER,**

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do;  
Only Dorinda's self more charms can show.  
Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;  
But still the beauties of her face are such,  
As cannot justly be described; though all  
Confess 'tis like the bright original.  
In her, and in thy picture, we may view  
The utmost Nature, or that Art can do;  
Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,  
That future times will strive to parallel;  
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

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**CRUELTY AND LUST.**

AN

**EPISTOLARY ESSAY<sup>1</sup>.**

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,  
To tell the story of her misery?  
Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind  
A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd.

<sup>1</sup> This Pieoe was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western Rebellion, in 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him next morning.

I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,  
Blur'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;  
But if you can the mournful pages read,  
The sad relation shows you such a deed,  
As all the annals of the' infernal reign  
Shall strive to equal or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,  
Whose cruelty has caused a sea of tears;  
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,  
Deploring widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries.  
At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,  
Ten wretches died, and as they died, he laugh'd:  
Till, tired with acting devil, he was led,  
Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.  
O, cursed place!—I can no more command  
My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:  
But I must on, and let my Cælia know  
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of western youths who ran  
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy man<sup>2</sup>,  
My husband, fatally uniting, went:  
Unused to arms, and thoughtless of the' event.  
But when the battle was by treachery won,  
The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;  
Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,  
He scaped the dreadful slaughter of the fight;  
Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well  
In all the murdering qualities of hell,  
Each secret place so regularly beat,  
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.  
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,  
To sure destruction hurry them away;  
So the purveyors of fierce Moloch's son  
With Charion to the common butchery run;

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Monmouth.

Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,  
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.  
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd  
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,  
To try all ways might to compassion move  
The savage general ; but in vain they strove.  
When I perceived that all addresses fail'd,  
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd  
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,  
To make the last effort, what tears could do.  
Low on my knees I fell ; then thus began :  
' Great genius of success, thou more than man !  
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,  
And carried conquest round the trembling world !  
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,  
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend.  
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,  
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.  
Oh, pity the unfortunate ! and give  
But this one thing : Oh, let but Charion live !  
And take the little all that we possess :  
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress  
Content, nay, pleased, to beg or earn my bread ;  
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.  
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings  
To him whose sword performs such wondrous  
things.  
As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.  
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,  
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.  
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,  
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare :  
And since in battle you can greater be,  
That o'er, be not less merciful than he.

Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,  
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown ;  
In future histories fill each mournful page  
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage :  
And, while his annals are with horror read,  
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.  
Oh ! do not sully with a sanguine dye  
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory !  
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,  
And Fate on all your expeditions smile :  
So when a noble course you've bravely ran,  
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.  
None can the turns of Providence foresee,  
Or what their own catastrophe may be ;  
Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,  
That mercy they may want, should always show.  
For, in the chance of war, the slightest thing  
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.  
And how would you that general's honour prize,  
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice ?

‘ He that with rebel arms to fight is led,  
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head :  
But ’tis unhappy Charion’s first offence,  
Seduced by some too plausible pretence,  
To take the injuring side by error brought ;  
He had no malice, though he has the fault.  
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,  
But the half innocent, the tempted, save ;  
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,  
But rarely strikes the first or second time ;  
And he best follows the’ Almighty’s will,  
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.  
When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,  
And wild disorders in a land create,

'Tis requisite the first promoters should  
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:  
But sure 'tis a degree of murder, all  
That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall.  
And since a mercy must to some be shown,  
Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one:  
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,  
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

' When David's general had won the field,  
And Absalom, the loved ungrateful, kill'd,  
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,  
And misled Israelites return'd in peace.  
The action pass'd, where so much blood was spilt,  
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;  
But all concludes with the desired event,  
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

' As great example your great courage warms,  
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms,  
So, when you instances of mercy view,  
They should inspire you with compassion too;  
For he that emulates the truly brave,  
Woul'd always conquer, and should always save.'

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cried,  
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)  
' Madam, his life depends upon my will,  
For every rebel I can spare or kill.  
I'll think of what you've said: this night return  
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.  
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair;  
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.'

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,  
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,  
Upon the least appearance of relief,  
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;

Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,  
Which through false optics our deliverance show,  
For while we fancy danger does appear  
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,  
And many times, secure from obvious foes,  
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleased with the false Neronior's dark reply,  
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,  
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey  
Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance lay.  
When Charion saw me, from his turf'y bed  
With eagerness he raised his drooping head:  
'Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, (he cried)  
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!  
Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,  
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell:  
The air they breathe is every atom cursed;  
There's no degree of ills, for all are worst.  
In rapes and murders they alone delight,  
And villanies of less importance slight:  
Act them indeed, but scorn they should be named,  
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.  
Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,  
And seems to merit that high station too:  
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,  
By Asmodai and Moloch both possess'd.  
When told you went to intercede for me,  
It threw my soul into an agony;  
Not that I would not for my freedom give  
What's requisite, or do not wish to live;  
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,  
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace;  
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame  
For me exposed to an eternal shame.

With ignominy to preserve my breath  
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.  
But if I can't my life with honour save,  
With honour I'll descend into the grave.  
For though revenge and malice both combine  
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)  
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,  
I can die just, and I'm resolved I will.

‘ But what is death we so unwisely fear?  
An end of all our busy tumults here :  
The equal lot of poverty and state,  
Which all partake of, by a certain fate.  
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,  
At divers ages, and by divers ways,  
Will find them from this noisy scene retire :  
Some the first misute that they breathe, expire  
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;  
But die, before they good or evil know.  
Here one to puberty arrives ; and then  
Returns lamented to the dust again :  
Another there maintains a longer strife  
With all the powerful enemies of life ;  
Till, with vexation tired, and threescore years,  
He drops into the dark, and disappears.  
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see  
Times future, long and late posterity ;  
‘ Tis what with reason I could wish to do,  
If to be old, were to be happy too.  
But since substantial grief so soon destroys  
The gust of all imaginary joys,  
Who would be too importunate to live,  
Or more for life, than it can merit, give !

‘ Beyoad the grave stupendous regions lie,  
The boundless realms of vast eternity ;

Where minds, removed from earthly bodies, dwell;  
But who their government or laws can tell?  
What's their employment till the final doom  
And time's eternal period shall come?  
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,  
That all are bless'd or miserable there;  
Though, if there's such variety of fate,  
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.  
For my own part, with resignation still  
I can submit to my Creator's will;  
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,  
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.  
The way of dying is my least concern;  
That will give no disturbance to my urn.  
If to the seats of happiness I go,  
There end all possible returns of woe:  
And when to those bless'd mansions I arrive,  
With pity I'll behold those that survive.  
Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,  
And leave me to my innocence and fate.'

'Charion, (said I) Oh, do not urge my flight!  
I'll see the' event of this important night:  
Some strange presages in my soul forebode,  
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.  
Few hours will show the utmost of my doom;  
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.  
If you miscarry, I'm resolved to try  
If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:  
For, when you are to endless raptures gone,  
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.  
Who will support an injured widow's right,  
From sly injustice, or oppressive might?  
Protect her person, or her cause defend?  
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend.

I've no distrust of Providence ; but still  
'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill :  
And those can have no reason to repent,  
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.  
But to a world of everlasting bliss  
Why would you go, and leave me here in this ?  
'Tis a dark passage ; but our foes shall view,  
I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you :  
That my behaviour to the last may prove  
Your courage is not greater than my love.'

The hour approach'd ; as to Neronior's tent,  
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,  
A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,  
By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd :  
Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would show  
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers stood  
A wretched, poor old man, besmear'd with blood ;  
And at his feet, just through the body run,  
Struggling for life, was laid his only son ;  
By whose hard labour he was daily fed,  
Dividing still, with pious care, his bread :  
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,  
The sole support of his decrepit years,  
The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,  
With blasphemous derision mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,  
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate.  
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung ;  
Beneath, the children round the mother clung :  
They cried for food, but 'twas without relief :  
For all they had to live upon, was grief.  
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,  
No creature, merely human, long could bear.

First in her arms her weeping babes she took,  
And, with a groan, did to her husband look:  
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cried,  
' Pity me, Saviour of the world !' and died.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,  
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers,  
mourn'd ;

Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,  
Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:  
Each every hour did the black message dread,  
Which should declare the person loved was dead.  
Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,  
A comely youth, and of no common birth,  
To execution led; who hardly bore  
The wounds in battle he received before :  
And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,  
' I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.'

At the cursed tent arrived, without delay  
They did me to the General convey :  
Who thus began —

' Madam ! by fresh intelligence, I find,  
That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind ;  
And my commission is express to spare  
None that so deeply in rebellion are :  
New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try;  
No pardon can be granted : he must die !  
Must, or I hazard all : which yet I'd do  
To be obliged in one request by you :  
And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,  
Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.  
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success  
By supple flattery, and by soft address ;  
The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,  
Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts.

But I can no such whining methods use :  
Consent, he lives ; he dies, if you refuse.'

Amazed at this demand ; said I, ' The brave,  
Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save :  
They let their captives still with honour live,  
No more require, than what themselves would give ;  
For, generous victors, as they scorn to do  
Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.  
Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,  
Should with no devious appetite be join'd :  
For if, when exercised, a crime it cost,  
The' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.  
Great men their actions of a piece should have ;  
Heroic all, and each entirely brave ;  
From the nice rules of honour none should swerve ;  
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

' The crimes new charged upon the' unhappy  
youth,  
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.  
Suppose the accusation justly brought,  
And clearly proved to the minutest thought ;  
Yet mercies next to infinite abate  
Offences next to infinitely great :  
And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,  
In full forgiveness not to be confined.  
Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,  
This act will more illustrious appear ;  
Though his excuse can never be withheld,  
Who disobeys, but only to be good.  
Perhaps the hazard's more than you express ;  
The glory would be, were the danger less.  
For he that, to his prejudice, will do  
A noble action, and a generous too,  
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown  
Than he that has a thousand battles won.

Do not invert divine compassion so,  
As to be cruel, and no mercy show !  
Of what renown can such an action be,  
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me ?  
Though, if you finally resolve to stand  
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,  
He must submit ; if 'tis my fate to mourn  
His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.'

' Well, madam, (haughtily, Neronior cried)  
Your courage and your virtue shall be tried.  
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,  
Some of my lambs<sup>2</sup> shall be your guard to-night ;  
By them, no doubt, you 'll tenderly be used ;  
They seldom ask a favour that's refused :  
Perhaps you 'll find them so genteelly bred,  
They 'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.  
Surrounded with so innocent a throng,  
The night must pass delightfully along :  
And in the morning, since you will not give  
What I require, to let your husband live,  
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,  
And gently swing into the arms of death.  
His fate he merits, as to rebels due :  
And yours will be as much deserved by you.'

Oh, Cælia, think ! so far as thought can show,  
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,  
At this dire resolution, seized my breast,  
By all things sad and terrible possess'd.  
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,  
For all my prayers were to a tiger made :  
A tiger ! worse ; for, 'tis beyond dispute,  
No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.

<sup>2</sup> Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,  
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,  
Ruin——it was not possible to shun :  
What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,  
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.  
When, to involve me with consummate grief,  
Beyond expression, and above belief,  
‘ Madam, (the monster cried) that you may find  
I can be grateful to the fair that's kind ;  
Step to the door, I'll show you such a sight,  
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.  
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,  
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string ?  
You need not now an injured husband dread ;  
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.  
Twas for your sake I seized upon his life ;  
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.  
And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I show,  
To keep that secret none alive should know.’

‘ Cursed of all creatures ! for, compared with thee,  
The devils (said I) are dull in cruelty ;  
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,  
And, wasteless, their eternal bunger feed ;  
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,  
The burning earnest of a hotter hell ;  
May that vile lump of execrable lust  
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust !  
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,  
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath ;  
And the worst torments that the damn'd should  
In thine own person all united bear !’ [share,  
Oh, Cælia ! oh, my friend ! what age can show  
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe ?

Indeed it does not infinite appear,  
Because it can't be everlasting here :  
But 'tis so vast, that it can ne'er increase ;  
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

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ON THE  
**MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—**  
WITH THE  
**COUNTESS OF S—.**

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,  
As on the morning of a nuptial day.  
Love then within a larger circle moves,  
New graces adds, and every charm improves.  
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,  
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair ;  
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,  
And eager pulses with strange motions beat ;  
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,  
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart :  
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong,  
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long :  
Now she is ready,—the next moment not :  
All things are done—then something is forgot :  
She fears, yet wishes the strange work were done :  
Delays,—yet is impatient to be gone.  
Disorders thus from every thought arise,  
What love persuades, I know not what denies.  
Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,  
And shows at once he can be wise, and love ;  
Because it from no spurious passion came,  
But was the product of a noble flame :

Bold, without rudeness, without blazing bright,  
 Pure, as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light ;  
 By just degrees it to perfection grew,  
 An early ripeness, but a lasting too.  
 So the bright sun ascending to his noon,  
 Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But though Achates was unkindly driven  
 From his own land, he 's banish'd into Heaven ;  
 For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love  
 Are next, if only next, to those above :  
 Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage,  
 Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage ;  
 For first it did to fair Cosmelia give  
 All that a human creature could receive ;  
 Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,  
 Transport the soul, or gratify the sight ;  
 Then in the full perfection of her charms,  
 Lodged the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen,  
 Their awful glories, and their godlike mien ;  
 For in her aspect all the graces meet,  
 All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet ;  
 There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph sits,  
 Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits ;  
 There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,  
 Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.  
 So, newly finish'd by the hand Divine,  
 Before her fall, did the first woman shine :  
 But Eve in one great point she does excel ;  
 Cosmelia never err'd at all ; she fell.  
 From her, temptation in despair withdrew ;  
 Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought  
 To full maturity by serious thought,

Her actions with a watchful eye surveys,  
Each passion guides, and every motion sways :  
Not the least failure in her conduct lies,  
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refined,  
With wit that's clear and penetrating join'd,  
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,  
And to the noblest end her labours guides :  
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,  
And treads the maze of life without a clew ;  
That the weak only and the wavering lack,  
When they're mistaken, to conduct them back :  
She does amidst ten thousand ways prefer  
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime,  
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime ;  
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,  
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great :  
For each expression, every teeming thought,  
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought ;  
Which wisely separates the finest gold,  
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,  
But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense,  
Refined from drossy chat, and idle noise,  
With which the female conversation cloyes ;  
So well she knows, what's understood by few,  
To time her thoughts, and to express them too ;  
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit  
The fair ideas of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,  
By great example to wise actions led ;  
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore  
She owes, but to her own high genius more ;

And by a noble emulation moved,  
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improved,  
Till they arrived to that celestial height,  
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovèlier be,  
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,  
Achates merits her, though none but he ;  
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise ;  
Resolved in action, and in counsel wise ;  
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,  
For threats to force, or flattery to win.  
Unmoved, amidst the hurricane he stood,  
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,  
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combined.  
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives,  
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives :  
Each is to other the divinest bliss ;  
He is her heaven, and she is more than his.  
Oh, may the kindest influence above  
Protect their persons, and indulge their love.

AN  
INSCRIPTION

FOR THE  
MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII ET ELGINI COMITISSA;

QUE

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem innocentia,

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors,

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit,

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspiciam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas.

Duobus conjuncta maritis,

Utrique charissima;

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit:

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta pietate, et amore coluit,

Ut cui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam patri præstítit;

Moriens!

Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Noverca cum esset,

Maternam pietatem facile superavit.

Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,

Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,

Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.

Denique

Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,

Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus

Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum;

Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

## THE

## FOREGOING INSCRIPTION,

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

## DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

Who from a race of noble heroes came,  
And added lustre to its ancient fame:

Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,

But with inferior brightness to her own;

Which she refined to that sublime degree,

The greatest mortal could no greater be.

Each stage of life peculiar splendour had;

Her tender years with innocence were clad;

Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good

In the retinue of her virtues stood:

And at the final period of her breath,

She crown'd her life with a propitious death;

That no occasion might be wanting here

To make her virtues famed, or joys sincere.

Two noble lords her genial bed possess'd,  
A wife to both, the dearest and the best.  
Oxford submitted in one year to fate,  
For whom her passion was exceeding great.  
To Elgin, full six lustra were assign'd,  
And him she loved with so intense a mind,  
That living, like a father she obey'd,  
Dying, as to a son, left all she had.  
When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above  
The common height even of maternal love.  
She did her numerous family command  
With such a tender care, so wise a hand,  
She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there  
Than godlike souls in human bodies are.  
But when to all she had example show'd,  
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,  
Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,  
Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON  
THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.  
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

---

'Εἰς τοῦ Θεοῦ  
'Ος ἡρακλῆς τετυχεὶς καὶ γειτναῖς μάχεσθαι.  
SOPHOC.

---

UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when  
began

Things to exist? They could not always be;  
To what stupendous energy

Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,  
Must self-existent be alone;

Entirely perfect, and but one;

Nor equal nor superior knows:

Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.

If that, in false opinion, we allow,

That once there absolutely nothing was,

Then nothing could be now;

For, by what instrument, or how,

Shall non-existence to existence pass?

Thus, something must from everlasting be;

Or matter, or a Deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,

We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;

An agent infinite, and action free.

Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow ?  
How came we to reflect, design, and know ?

This from a noble nature springs,  
Distinct in essence from material things :  
For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow.

But, if we own a God supreme,  
And all perfection's possible in him ;  
In him does boundless excellence reside,  
Power to create, and providence to guide ;  
Unmade himself, could no beginning have,  
But to all substance prime existence gave :  
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

## POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance  
Could never fill the globes of light  
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,  
The lofty concave of the vast expanse ; [nite.  
These could proceed from no less power than infinite.  
There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,  
Not essence intellectual, but took  
Existence when the great Creator spoke,  
And from the common womb of empty nothing  
came.

'Let substance be !' he cried : and straight arose  
Angelic, and corporeal too ;  
All that material nature shows,  
And what does things invisible compose,  
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew.  
Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,  
Which draws a mighty circle round  
The inferior orbs, as their capacious bound ;  
There millions of new miracles appear :

There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,  
 Who first were to perfection wrought,  
 First to complete existence brought,  
 To whom their Maker did dispense  
 The largest portions of created excellence ;  
 Eternal now, not of necessity,  
 As if they could not cease to be,  
 Or were from possible destruction free ;  
 But on the will of God depend :  
 For that which could begin, can end.  
 Who, when the lower worlds were made,  
 Without the least miscarriage or defect,  
 By the Almighty Architect,  
 United adoration paid,  
 And with ecstatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

Philosophy, of old, in vain essay'd  
 To tell us how this mighty frame  
 Into such beauteous order came ;  
 But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid :  
 She labour'd hard ; but still the more she wrought,  
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.  
 Sometimes she fancied things to be  
 Coëval with the Deity,  
 And in the form which now they are  
 From everlasting ages were :  
 Sometimes the casual event,  
 Of atoms floating in a space immense,  
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense ;  
 But, by a lucky accident,  
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.  
 'Twas an establish'd article of old,  
 Chief of the philosophic creed,  
 And does in natural productions hold,  
 That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed ;

Material substance never could have rose,  
 If some existence had not been before,  
 In wisdom infinite, immense in power.  
 Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,  
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shows.  
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,  
 And only forms to things, not being, give ;  
 That from Omnipotence they must receive :  
 But the eternal self-existent Mind  
 Can, with a single fiat, cause to be  
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,  
 And all it cannot see.  
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,  
 And art a noble palace raise,  
 But must not to creative power aspire ;  
 That, their great God alone can claim  
 As pre-existing substance doth require :  
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

## WISDOM.

Matter produced, had still a chaos been ;  
 For jarring elements engaged  
 Eternal battles would have waged,  
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene ;  
 If Wisdom infinite, for less  
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,  
 Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,  
 Had not, with actual address, [peace.  
 Composed the bellowing hurry, and establish'd  
 Whate'er this visible creation shows  
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,  
 That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,  
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.  
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,  
 Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind ;

To which they steadily advance,  
 Moved by right Reason's high command,  
 Or guided by the secret hand  
 Of real instinct, not imaginary chance.  
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules ;  
 Who from the end of their creation fly,  
 And deviate into misery :  
 As if the liberty to act like fools  
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

## PROVIDENCE..

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,  
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan  
 The works of him that's infinitely wise,  
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies :  
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.  
 Thus the proud sceptic will not own  
 That Providence the world directs,  
 Or its affairs inspects ;  
 But leaves it to itself alone.  
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,  
 To be concern'd with our impertinence ;  
 Or interpose his power for the defence  
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute ?  
 Villains could never so successful prove,  
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,  
 Which honour, ease, and affluence give ;  
 While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,  
 And most the care of Providence deserve,  
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.  
 What reason can the wisest show,  
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,

If the Most High, that's just and good,  
Intends and governs all below, [blood?  
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless  
But shall we things unsearchable deny,  
Because our reason cannot tell us why  
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?  
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,  
To comprehend how matter should be brought  
From nothing, as existent be  
From all eternity;  
And yet that matter is, we feel and see:  
Nor is it easier to define  
What ligatures the soul and body join;  
Or how the memory does the impression take  
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.  
Did not the Almighty, with immediate care,  
Direct and govern this capacious all,  
How soon would things into confusion fall!  
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,  
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;  
Wide inundations, with resistless force,  
The lower provinces o'erflow,  
In spite of all that human strength could do  
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course:  
Murder and rapine every place would fill,  
And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill;  
Devouring pestilence would rave  
And all that part of nature which has breath  
Deliver to the tyranny of death,  
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,  
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.  
Let the brave soldier speak, who oft has been  
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,

How he's preserved, when bombs and bullets fly  
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free;

And though he does ten thousand see  
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,  
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show,  
To what invisible protecting Power  
He did his life and safety owe,  
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,  
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.

Nay, let the ungrateful sceptic tell us how  
His tender infancy protection found,  
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,  
If he'll no Providence allow;  
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms  
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:  
From childhood how to youth he ran  
Securely, and from thence to man;  
How, in the strength and vigour of his years,  
The feeble bark of life he saves,  
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,  
From all the dangers he foresees or fears,  
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers;  
If Providence, which can the seas command,  
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

## OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that He,  
Who all existence out of nothing made,  
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:  
But then this all-intending Deity  
Must Omnipresent be:

For how shall we by demonstration show  
The Godhead is this moment here,  
If he 's not present every where,  
And always so ?  
What 's not perceptible by sense, may be  
Ten thousand miles remote from me,  
Unless his nature is from limitation free.  
In vain we for protection pray ;  
For benefits received high altars raise,  
And offer up our hymns and praise ;  
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.  
An absent god from ruin can defend  
No more, than can an absent friend ;  
No more is capable to know  
How gratefully we make returns,  
When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,  
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.  
If so, 'tis equally in vain  
The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns ;  
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.  
But by what Being is confined  
The Godhead we adore ?  
He must have equal or superior power.  
If equal only, they each other bind,  
So neither's God, if we define him right,  
For neither 's infinite.  
But if the other have superior might,  
Then he, we worship, can 't pretend to be  
Omnipotent, and free  
From all restraint, and so no Deity.  
If God is limited in space, his view,  
His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so  
too ;

Unless we'll own, that these perfections are  
 At all times present every where,  
 Yet he himself not actually there : [brings,  
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion  
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

## IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme, omniscient Mind  
 Is by no boundaries confined ;  
 So Reason must acknowledge him to be  
 From possible mutation free :  
 For what He is, He was from all eternity.  
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,  
 Must argue imperfection still.  
 But imperfection in a Deity,  
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be :  
 Who can compel, without his own consent,  
 A God to change, that is omnipotent ?  
 And every alteration without force,  
 Is for the better or the worse.  
 He that is infinitely wise,  
 To alter for the worse will never choose,  
 That a depravity of nature shows :  
 And he, in whom all true perfection lies,  
 Cannot by change to greater excellences rise.  
 If God be mutable, which way, or how,  
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,  
 Which did a thousand years ago ?  
 And 'tis impossible to know  
 What He forbids, or what He will allow.  
 Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,  
 Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,  
 Prohibited by an express command :  
 But whether such they still remain to be,

No argument will positively prove,  
 Without immediate notice from above :  
 If the Almighty Legislator can  
 Be changed, like his inconstant subject, man,  
 Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,  
 We all intolerable hazards run,  
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

## JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing  
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,  
 Who was, and will for ever be the same :  
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,  
 That from the smoking altars may arise  
 Clouds of perfume to the imperial skies.  
 His promises stand firm to you,  
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,  
 And sure as that there is a God, [pursue.  
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths  
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust,  
 For while he is a Deity he must  
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.  
 But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,  
 Whose mercy is his darling attribute,  
 To punish crimes that temporary be,  
 And those but trivial offences too,  
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,  
 With everlasting misery ? [fraught,  
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections  
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous  
 thought :  
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow  
 More heinous still, the more they do incense  
 That God to whom all creatures owe

Profoundest reverence :

Though as to that degree they raise  
The anger of the merciful Most High,  
We have no standard to discern it by,  
But the infliction He on the offender lays.

So that if endless punishment on all

Our unrepented sins must fall,

None, not the least, can be accounted small.  
That God is in perfection just, must be  
Allow'd by all that own a Deity :  
If so, from equity he cannot swerve,  
Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.  
His will reveal'd, is both express and clear :  
‘ Ye cursed of my Father, go  
To everlasting woe !’

If everlasting means eternal here,  
Duration absolutely without end ;  
Against which sense some zealously contend  
That, when applied to pains, it only means,  
They shall ten thousand ages last ;  
Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are  
pass'd ;

But not eternal in a literal sense :  
Yet own the pleasures of the just remain  
So long as there's a God exists to reign.  
Though none can give a solid reason, why

The word Eternity,  
To Heaven and Hell indifferent join'd,  
Should carry senses of a different kind ;  
And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

#### GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine  
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,

'Tis Goodness, which we every moment see  
The Godhead exercise with such delight :

It seems, it only seems to be  
The best-beloved perfection of the Deity,  
And more than infinite.

Without that, he could never prove  
The proper objects of our praise or love.  
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd  
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,  
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,  
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,  
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal justice then would be  
But everlasting cruelty ;  
Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence ;  
And wisdom unconfined, but craft immense.  
'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is ;

And those  
Who will deny him this,  
A God without a Deity suppose.  
When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,  
By his tremendous name,  
There is no God, but all 's a sham ;  
Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,  
Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules  
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools ;  
Justice would strike the' audacious villain  
dead ;  
But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head,  
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.  
Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes,  
Without restraint, his infamy pursue,  
Rejoice, and glory in it too ;  
Laugh at the Power Divine, and ridicule his laws ;

Labour in vice his rivals to excel,  
That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell  
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?

Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,  
Blessings in common with the best receives ;  
Though he is proud to ' affront the God those blessings gives.

The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all,  
Has no respect to good or ill ;  
And fruitful showers without distinction fall,  
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures fill.  
The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows  
Success and honour many times on those  
Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen  
Has dared to celebrate  
In lofty Pindar's strain ;  
Though with unequal strength to bear the weight  
Of such a ponderous theme, so infinitely great ;  
To this good God, celestial spirits pay,  
With ecstasy divine, incessant praise ;  
While on the glories of his face they gaze,  
In the bright regions of eternal day.  
To Him each rational existence here,  
Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,  
In whom there are the least remains  
Of piety or fear,  
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,  
For pardon prays, and for protection flies :  
Nay, the inanimate creation give,  
By prompt obedience to his word,  
Instinctive honour to their lord,  
And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.

With heaven and earth then, O my soul ! unite ;  
 And the great God of both adore and bless,  
 Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,  
 The only fountains of sincere delight :  
 That from the transitory joys below,  
 Thou by a happy exit may'st remove  
     To those ineffable above ;  
 Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,  
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

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### ELEAZER'S LAMENTATION

#### OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jerusalem ! alas ! where's now  
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,  
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow ?  
 Ah, hapless, miserable town !  
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,  
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,  
 The joy and the delight of all the earth ;  
 Who gavest to godlike princes birth,  
 And bred up heroes; an immortal race ?  
 Where's now the vast magnificence, which made  
     The souls of foreigners adore  
 Thy wondrous brightness, which no more  
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade ?  
 Oh, misery ! where's all her mighty state,  
     Her splendid train of numerous kings,  
 Her noble edifices, noble things ;  
 Which made her seem so eminently great,

That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,  
And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,  
To courther friendship? for her strength they fear'd,  
And all her wide protection sought.

But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,  
See how her lofty buildings lie!  
See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,  
That on her festivals were used to play  
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?

The glittering troops, which did from far  
Bring home the trophies and the spoils of war,  
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,  
Nor durst their godlike valour try?

Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,  
And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King;  
The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,  
To whose large treasures our fleet did bring  
The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?  
There had the infinite Creator placed

His terrible, amazing name,  
And with his more peculiar presence graced  
The heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,  
The high-priest only; he but once a year  
In that divine apartment might appear:  
So full of glory, and so sacred then,  
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,  
Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty  
fane.

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street  
Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng  
Was forced to jostle as they pass'd along,

And thousands did with thousands meet ;  
The darling then of God, and man's beloved retreat.  
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,  
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd !  
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,  
Despising the most wealthy bribes ;  
But did the sacred balance hold  
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.  
Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,  
Were once with polish'd marble laid,  
And all his lofty bulwarks made  
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.  
Thy ponderous gates, surprising to behold,  
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold ;  
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,  
It ravish'd and amazed the eye ;  
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,  
' How thick the bars of massy silver lie !  
What mighty heaps of wealth are here !  
O happy people ! and still happy be,  
Celestial city, from destruction free,  
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity.'

But now, oh wretched, wretched place !  
Thy streets and palaces are sprēad  
With heaps of carcasses, and mountains of the dead,  
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race !  
Each corner of the town, no vacant space,  
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,  
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd ;  
Natives and strangers are together laid :  
Death's arrows all at random flew  
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,  
But both the coward and the valiant slew.

All in one dismal ruin join'd,  
(For swords and pestilence are blind)  
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find :  
Those that from far, with joyful haste,  
Came to attend thy festival,  
Of the same bitter poison taste,  
And by the black, destructive poison fall ;  
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.  
Oh ! see how the delight of human eyes  
In horrid desolation lies !  
See how the burning ruins flame !  
Nothing now left, but a sad empty name !  
And the triumphant victor cries,  
‘ This was the famed Jerusalem ! ’

The most obdurate creature must  
Be grieved to see thy palaces in dust,  
Those ancient habitations of the just :  
And could the marble rocks but know  
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,  
They 'd strive to find some secret way unknown,  
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,  
Their pity and concern to show ;  
For now, where lofty buildings stood,  
Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid :  
And all by this destruction made  
One common Golgotha, one field of blood !  
See how those ancient men, who ruled thy state,  
And made thee happy, made thee great ;  
Who sat upon the awful chair  
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,  
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,  
Now sit in the corrupted air,  
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair.

See how their murder'd children round them lie !

    Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry—  
 ' Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,  
     Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !  
 Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !'

    Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;  
 While in their feeble, aged arms they hold  
 The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,  
 To guard them from the ravenous savages :  
 Till their increasing sorrows Death persuade  
     (For Death must sure with pity see  
     The horrid desolation he has made)  
 To put a period to their misery.

    Thy wretched daughters that survive,  
     Are by the heathen kept alive,  
     Only to gratify their lust,  
     And then be mix'd with common dust.  
 Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !  
 What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?  
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades  
     below,  
 Where all our brave progenitors are bless'd  
 With endless triumph and eternal rest.

    But who, without a flood of tears, can see  
     Thy mournful, sad catastrophe ?  
 Who can behold thy glorious temple lie  
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?  
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes  
 Have raised my griefs to such a vast excess,  
     Their mighty weight no mortal knows,  
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,  
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.  
 Good Heaven had been extremely kind,  
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,

Before this cursed time, this worst of days.  
Is death quite tired ? are all his arrows spent ?  
If not, why then so many dull delays ?  
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent !  
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,  
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive ; that I  
    May, happily, be sure to die.  
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain !  
    Our friends and relatives are slain !  
    Nothing but ruins round us see,  
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery !  
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,  
    Our enemies without, prepare  
Their direful engines to pursue the war ;  
And you must slavishly preserve your breath,  
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve; nor tremble at the thought :  
    Can glory be too dearly bought ?  
Since the Almighty Wisdom has decreed,  
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,  
It shall be after such a noble way,  
Succeeding ages will with wonder view  
    What brave despair compell'd us to !  
No, we will ne'er survive another day !  
    Bring then your wives, your children, all  
    That's valuable, good, or dear,  
    With ready hands, and place them here ;  
They shall unite in one vast funeral.  
I know your courages are truly brave,  
    And dare do any thing but ill :  
    Who would an aged father save,  
That he may live in chains and be a slave,  
Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?

Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow :  
 For, what at any other time would be  
 The dire effect of rage and cruelty,  
 Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !  
 This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,  
 And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.  
 If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,  
 Now you may have them, if you dare but die !  
 Nay, more, even freedom and eternity !

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### A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

#### A PINDARIC ESSAY.

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— Sed omnes una manet nox  
 Et calcanda semel via lethi.

HORACE.

---

SINCE we can die but once, and after death  
 Our state no alteration knows ;  
 But, when we have resign'd our breath,  
 The' immortal spirit goes  
 To endless joys, or everlasting woes :  
 Wise is the man who labours to secure  
 That mighty and important stake ;  
 And, by all methods, strives to make  
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.  
 Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;  
 For certainly we must,  
 As we are born, return to dust :  
 'Tis the last point of many lingering years :

But whither then we go,  
Whither, we fain would know;  
But human understanding cannot show.  
This makes us tremble, and creates  
Strange apprehensions in the mind;  
Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,  
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.  
None know what death is, but the dead;  
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,  
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to  
tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
And scarce have one black, painful hour, to live;  
No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve  
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;  
How, moving, and how mournful, is the sight!  
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!  
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had,  
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,  
To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?  
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
Despairing to recover, void of rest;  
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:  
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress'd.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat!  
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;  
The blood unactive grows,  
And thickens as it flows,  
Deprived of all its vigour, all its vital heat.  
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
Their light just going out;

And for some kind assistance call :  
But pity, useless pity's all  
Our weeping friends can give,  
Or we receive ;  
Though their desires are great, their powers are  
small.

The tongue's unable to declare  
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear ;  
How insupportable our torments are.  
Music no more delights our deafening ears,  
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears ;  
But all is melancholy, all is sad,  
In robes of deepest mourning clad ;  
For every faculty, and every sense,  
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,  
Tis no advantage to be rich or great ;  
For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
No consolation brings :  
Riches and honours then are useless things,  
Tasteless, or bitter, all ;  
And, like the book which the apostle eat,  
To the ill-judging palate sweet,  
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.  
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,  
But the remembrance of good actions pass'd :  
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,  
And makes pale Death less terrible appear ;  
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave  
What would we give (even all we have,  
All that our care and industry have gain'd,  
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)

Could we recall those fatal hours again,  
Which we consumed in senseless vanities,  
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease !  
For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,  
Dissolved in tears, to see us die,  
And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.  
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve :  
Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.  
They pity our deplorable estate :  
But what, alas ! can pity do  
To soften the decrees of fate ?  
Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.  
All their endeavours to preserve our breath,  
Though they do unsuccessful prove,  
Show us how much, how tenderly, they love,  
But cannot cut off the entail of death.  
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed :  
One, with officious haste,  
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste ;  
Another softly raises up our head ;  
This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries—  
' See what convulsions, what strong agonies,  
Both soul and body undergo !  
His pains no intermission know ;  
For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.'  
Each would his kind assistance lend,  
To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend ;  
But still in vain with destiny they all contend.  
Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, ' Adieu !  
Adieu, my child ! now I must follow you :'  
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who, in their tender years,  
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,  
Come trembling to our bed, and kneeling, cry,  
' Bless us, O father ! now before you die ;  
Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.'

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,  
Compassionate and kind,  
Cries, ' Will you leave me here behind ?  
Without me fly to the bless'd seats above ?  
Without me, did I say ? Ah, no !  
Without thy friend thou canst not go :  
For, though thou leavest me grovelling here below,  
My soul with thee shall upward fly,  
And bear thy spirit company,  
Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.  
Even death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
Incapable to separate  
(For 'tis not in the power of fate)  
My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me.  
But, since it must be so, farewell ;  
For ever ? No ; for we shall meet again,  
And live like gods, though now we die like men,  
In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.'

The soul, unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal strife,  
Finding her weak endeavours vain,  
To keep the counterscarp of life,  
By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,  
And fortifies that little fort  
With all its kind artilleries of art ;  
Botanic legions guarding every port,

But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,  
A formal siege despairs to lay;

Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,  
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he

Pretends to make a solid peace;

But 'tis all sham, all artifice,

That we may negligent and careless be:  
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,

And we believe no danger near,

But all is peaceable, and all is clear;

His troops return some unsuspected way:

While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,  
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,  
Inevitable death descends on all;

A portion none of human race can miss:

But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is  
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.  
For, when the impenitent and wicked die,

Loaded with crimes and infamy;

If any sense at that sad time remains,

They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;

The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,  
Which they to all eternity must undergo,

Confined in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,

Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,

And hurry the departed souls away

To the dark receptacles of despair:

Where they must dwell till that tremendous  
day,

When the loud trump shall call them to appear  
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;

By whose just sentence they must go  
To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,  
Unspotted, regular, and free  
From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,  
Of mercy and of pardon sure,

Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night,  
And sees the dawning of a glorious day;  
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey

His soul, whene'er she takes her flight,  
To the surprising mansions of immortal light.  
Then the celestial guards around him stand;  
Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
To oppose his passage to the promised land,  
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;  
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press  
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;  
Not one of all the happy number's lost:  
And those bright advocates ne'er want success.  
But when the soul's released from dull mortality,  
She passes up in triumph through the sky;  
Where she's united to a glorious throng  
Of angels; who, with a celestial song,  
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,  
When, or how soon, we cannot know;  
But, late or early, we are sure to go;  
In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age:  
We cannot take too sedulous a care,  
In this important, grand affair:

For as we die, we must remain :  
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,  
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return  
again.

The heathen, who no better understood  
Than what the light of Nature taught, declared  
No future misery could be prepared  
For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;  
But, if there was a state of rest,

They should with the same happiness be bless'd  
As the immortal gods (if gods there were) possess'd.  
We have the promise of the' Eternal Truth,  
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,  
To man, and to their Maker, true,  
Let them expire in age or youth,

Can never miss  
Their way to everlasting bliss :  
But from a world of misery and care  
To mansions of eternal ease repair ;  
Where joy in full perfection flows,  
And in an endless circle moves,  
Through the vast round of beatific love,  
Which no cessation knows.



ON  
THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,  
AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus ;  
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli  
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat.

OVID MET.

Now the black days of universal doom,  
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :  
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,  
    Must sinking Nature undergo,  
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !  
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,  
    With fearful groans, and hideous cries,  
    Fill the presaging skies :  
    Unable to support the weight  
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.  
    Methinks I hear her summon all  
    Her guilty offspring raving with despair,  
    And trembling, cry aloud, ‘ Prepare,  
Ye sublunary powers, to’ attend my funeral !’

See, see the tragical portents,  
Those dismal harbingers of dire events !

Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly  
 Through the dark concave of the troubled sky;  
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.

See how the glaring meteors blaze!

Like baleful torches, O they come,  
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!  
 And, scattering round their pestilential rays,  
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.  
 Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,  
 By an impetuous wind are driven  
 Through all the regions of the' inferior heaven;  
 Till hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see  
 What mad confusion rages over all  
 This scorching ball!

No country is exempt, no nation free,  
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.

What dismal havoc of mankind is made  
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,  
 Through the whole mournful earth!  
 Which with a murdering fury they invade,  
 Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!  
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,  
 To ruin all things here below;  
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,  
 But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly  
 For safety to their champaign ground:  
 But there no safety can be found;  
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,  
 With unrelenting fury does enclose them round:

And whilst for mercy some aloud implore  
The God they ridiculed before ;  
And others, raving with their woe,  
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)  
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should  
adore ;  
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws ex-  
tends,  
And, opening wide a dreadful tomb,  
The howling multitude at once descends  
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads  
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,  
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,  
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.  
Sometimes the fire within divides  
The massy rivets of those secret chains,  
Which hold together those prodigious sides,  
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains :  
While towns and cities, every thing below,  
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,  
To cool the burning of the thirsty field ;  
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows yield,  
But all is barren, all is dry.  
The little rivulets no more  
To larger streams their tributes pay,  
Nor to the ebbing ocean they ;  
Which, with a strange unusual roar,  
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have  
pass'd before :

And to the monstrous deep in vain retires ;  
 For even the deep itself is not secure,  
 But, belching subterraneous fires,  
 Increases still the scalding calenture,  
 Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd  
 At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,  
 Which on the whole creation seize,  
 Is to substantial darkness turn'd.  
 The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood  
 O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears  
 Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood ;  
 For she herself a dissolution fears.  
 The larger planets, which once shone so bright  
 With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,  
 Shook from their centre, without motion lie,  
 Unwieldy globes of solid night,  
 And ruinous lumber of the sky.  
 Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,  
 (For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Fill every region of the tortured earth and air)  
 The great archangel his loud trumpet blows ;  
 At whose amazing sound fresh agonies  
 Upon expiring Nature seize :  
 For now she'll in few minutes know  
 The ultimate event and fate of all below.  
 'Awake, ye dead, awake ! (he cries)  
 (For all must come)  
 All that had human breath, arise,  
 To hear your last, unalterable doom !'

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd  
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,  
No longer could his sceptre hold ;  
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.  
The scatter'd particles of human clay,  
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,  
Resume their pristine forms again,  
And now, from mortal, grow immortal men.  
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,  
Which can collect, wherever cast,  
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore  
Which they had worn so many years before,  
Though through strange accidents and numerous  
changes pass'd !

See how the joyful angels fly  
From every quarter of the sky,  
To gather and to convoy all  
The pious sons of human race  
To one capacious place,  
Above the confines of this flaming ball.  
See with what tenderness and love they bear  
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;  
Whilst the ungodly stand below,  
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,  
Amidst the burning overthrow,  
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.  
Round them infernal spirits howling fly :  
' O horror, curses, tortures, chains ! ' they cry,  
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.  
Hark how the darling sons of infamy,  
Who once dissolved in pleasures lay,  
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,

To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry ;  
 But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.  
 Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,  
     That, rather than appear  
     Before a God incensed, they would be hurl'd  
     Amongst the burning ruins of the world,  
 And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.  
 Time was they would not own a Deity,  
     Nor after death a future state ;  
 But now, by sad experience, find, too late,  
     There is, and terrible to that degree,  
 That, rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.  
 And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give  
     consent,  
 To have no being ; but they must remain  
     For ever, and for ever be in pain.  
 O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,  
 Which cannot be endured, yet must be underwent !

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,  
 The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,  
 And to the sublunary world his passage bends ;  
 Where, clothed with human nature, he did once  
     reside.  
 Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,  
 And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,  
 With songs of praise and hymns of victory,  
     To their celestial king :  
 All glory, power, dominion, majesty,  
 Now, and for everlasting ages, be  
 To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.  
     Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,  
     Which saw the God incarnate bleed !

Perish by thy almighty vengeance those  
Who durst thy person, or thy laws expose ;  
The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.  
Now to the unbelieving nations show  
Thou art a God from all eternity :  
Not titular, or but by office so ;  
And let them the mysterious union see  
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,  
The good behold this glorious sight !  
Their God in all his majesty appears,  
Ineffable, amazing bright,  
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.  
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,  
In sacred discipline and order stand  
The peers and princes of the sky,  
As they excel in glory or command.  
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,  
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,  
Whose souls, abhorring all ignoble crimes,  
Did, with a steady course, pursue  
His holy precepts in the worst of times,  
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils  
could do ;  
And now that God they did to death adore,  
For whom such torments and such pains they  
bore,  
Returns to place them on those thrones above,  
Where, undisturbed, uncloy'd, they will pos-  
Divine, substantial happiness, [sess  
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.  
'Go, bring (the Judge impartial, frowning, cries)  
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise ;

Whom neither threats nor promises could move,  
 Not all my suffering, nor all my love,  
 To save themselves from everlasting miseries.'  
 At this ten millions of archangels flew  
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,  
 And less than in an instant brought  
 The wretched, cursed, infernal crew ;  
 Who with distorted aspects come,  
 To hear their sad, intolerable doom.

' Alas ! (they cry), one beam of mercy show,  
 Thou all-forgiving Deity !  
 To pardon crimes is natural to thee :  
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.  
 But if it cannot, cannot be,  
 And we must go into a gulf of fire,  
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)  
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,  
 And all our tortures have an end.  
 Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear !  
 Though now our bodies too immortal are,  
 Let them be pungent to the last degree :  
 And let our pains innumerable be ;  
 But let them not extend to all eternity !'

Lo, now there does no place remain  
 For penitence and tears, but all  
 Must by their actions stand or fall :  
 To hope for pity is in vain ;  
 The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again.  
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought :  
 In this, impartially recorded, stands  
 The law of nature, and divine commands :

In that, each action, word, and thought,  
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the virtuous and the good,  
Who all the fury of temptation stood,  
And bravely pass'd through ignominy, chains, and  
blood,

Attended by their guardian angels come  
To the tremendous bar of final doom.  
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings  
A long indictment of enormous things,  
Whose guilt, wiped off by penitential tears,  
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,  
No more to their astonishment appears,  
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

' Come now, my friends, (he cries) ye sons of  
grace,  
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,  
Despised and hated for my name;  
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace!  
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,  
For you by my eternal Father made,  
Ere the foundation of the world was laid,  
And that surprising happiness,  
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be  
less.  
For when I languishing in prison lay,  
Naked, and starved almost for want of bread,  
You did your kindly visits pay,  
Both clothed my body, and my hunger fed.  
Wearied with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,  
Your hand was always ready to supply:  
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,  
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.

In all distress, so tender was your love,  
 I could no anxious trouble bear,  
 No black misfortune, or vexatious care,  
 But you were still impatient to remove,  
 And mourn'd your charitable hand should unsuc-  
 cessful prove :

All this you did, though not to me  
 In person, yet to mine in misery :  
 And shall for ever live  
 In all the glories that a God can give,  
 Or a created being's able to receive.'

At this the architects divine on high  
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,  
 On which they, in appointed order, place  
 The human coheirs of eternity,  
 And with united hymns the God incarnate praise :  
 ' O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Eternal God, Almighty One,  
 Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,  
 By all thy creatures, constantly adored!  
 Ineffable, Co-equal Three,  
 Who from non-entity gave birth  
 To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,  
 Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.  
 But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd  
 These thrones, and this immense felicity ;  
 Could ne'er have been so infinitely bless'd !  
 Therefore, all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,  
 To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
 For ever, longer than for ever, be !'

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face  
 To those upon the left, and cries,  
 (Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes).  
 ' Ye impious unbelieving race,

To those eternal torments go,  
 Prepared for those rebellious sons of light,  
 In burning darkness and in flaming night,  
 Which shall no limit or cessation know,  
 But always are extreme, and always will be so.'  
 The final sentence pass'd, a dreadful cloud  
 Enclosing all the miserable crowd,  
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,  
 And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,  
 Which never, never, never can expire;  
 The vast abyss of endless woes :  
 Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,  
 In glorious triumph passing through the sky,  
 To joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy.

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## R E A S O N.

## A POEM.

UNHAPPY man ! who through successive years,  
 From early youth to life's last childhood, errs ;  
 No sooner born, but proves a foe to truth ;  
 For infant reason is o'erpower'd in youth.  
 The cheats of sense will half our learning share ;  
 And preconceptions all our knowledge are.  
 Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside,  
 Correct our notions, and our judgment guide ;  
 But false opinions, rooted in the mind,  
 Hoodwink the soul, and keep our Reason blind.  
 Reason's a taper which but faintly burns,  
 A languid flame, that glows and dies by turns ;  
 We see 't a little while, and but a little way,  
 We travel by its light, as men by day :

But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,  
Like morning stars that never stay till noon.

The soul can scarce above the body rise,  
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.  
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display ;  
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day :  
That natural light, once dress'd with orient beams,  
Is now diminished, and a twilight seems,  
A miscellaneous composition, made  
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.  
Through an uncertain medium now we look,  
And find that falsehood which for truth we took :  
So rays projected from the eastern skies,  
Show the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,  
From outward objects and from sense he gains ;  
He, like a wretched slave must plod and sweat,  
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat ;  
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains !  
A beggar's harvest glean'd with mighty pains.

The passions still predominant will rule,  
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school ;  
Our understanding they with darkness fill,  
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will ;  
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,  
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,  
Hurried away ; for how can be withstood  
The' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood ?  
Begone, false hopes, for all our learning's vain ;  
Can we be free, where these the rule maintain ?  
These are the tools of knowledge which we use ;  
The spirits, heated, will strange things produce ;  
Tell me, whoe'er the passions could control,  
Or from the body disengage the soul ;

Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain  
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain.  
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,  
And through those books that modern times have  
bred,

With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,  
Where scarce one useful plant is ever found ;  
O'errun with errors which so thick appear,  
Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,  
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,  
Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules ?  
What in Aquina's bulky works are found  
Does not enlighten Reason, but confound.  
Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes shall find  
A cloud of darkness rising on the mind.  
In controverted points can Reason sway,  
When passion or conceit still hurries us away ?  
Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,  
And clear the greatest mysteries at will :  
But by unlucky wit perplex'd them more,  
And made them darker than they were before.  
South soon opposed him, out of Christian zeal,  
Showing how well he could dispute and rail :  
How shall we e'er discover which is right,  
When both so eagerly maintain the fight ?  
Each does the other's argument deride,  
Each has the Church and Scripture on his side.  
The sharp ill-natured combat's but a jest,  
Both may be wrong ; one perhaps errs the least :  
How shall we know which articles are true,  
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new ?  
In paths uncertain, and unsafe he treads,  
Who blindly follows others' fertile heads.

What sure, what certain mark have we to know,  
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgess, Wake, and  
Howe?

Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,  
What health can that contentious tribe impart ?  
Every physician writes a different bill,  
And gives no other reason but his will.  
No longer boast your art, ye impious race,  
Let wars 'twixt alkalies and acids cease ;  
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.  
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess :  
To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.  
Even Garth and Maurus <sup>1</sup> sometimes shall prevail,  
When Gibson, learn'd Hannes, and Tyson fail :  
And more than once, we've seen that blundering  
Sloane,

Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone ;  
The patient does the lucky error find,  
A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world's great idol we adore,  
And, knowing this, we seek to know no more ;  
What education did at first receive,  
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe ;  
The careful nurse, and priest, is all we need  
To learn opinions, and our country's creed ;  
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,  
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.  
To what hard fate is humankind betray'd,  
When thus implicit faith's a virtue made :  
When education more than truth prevails,  
And nought is current but what custom seals ?  
Thus from the time we first begin to know,  
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore.

We seldom use our liberty aright,  
Nor judge of things by universal light :  
Our prepossessions and affections bind  
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind :  
And if self-interest be but in the case,  
Our unexamined principles may pass. [ceive,  
Good Heavens ! that man should thus himself de-  
To learn on credit, and on trust believe :  
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,  
But still a fair unwritten blank remain'd ;  
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,  
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn :  
Errors contracted in unmindful youth,  
When once removed, will smooth the way to truth :  
To dispossess the child the mortal lives,  
But death approaches ere the man arrives. [find,

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom  
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,  
From many dangers must themselves acquit,  
And more than Scylla and Charibdis meet :  
Oh ! what an ocean must be voyaged o'er,  
To gain a prospect of the shining shore ;  
Resisting rocks oppose the' inquiring soul,  
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay,  
To men that lived long since, our passage stay ?  
What odd preposterous paths at first we tread !  
And learn to walk, by stumbling on the dead.  
First we a blessing from the grave implore,  
Worship old urns, and monuments adore ;  
The reverend sage with vast esteem we prize,  
He lived long since, and must be wondrous wise ;  
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,  
For all those errors which their fancies bred ;

Errors indeed ! for real knowledge staid  
With those first times, nor farther was convey'd :  
While light opinions are much lower brought,  
For on the waves of ignorance they float;  
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,  
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,  
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last!  
Ah ! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,  
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies.  
Truth like a single point escapes the sight,  
And claims intention to perceive it right;  
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,  
Spread like a surface, and expanded wide.  
The first man rarely, very rarely finds  
The tedious search of long-inquiring minds ;  
But yet, what's worse, we know not when we err:  
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?  
How do we know, that what we know, is true?  
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?  
Let none then here, his certain knowledge boast,  
'Tis all but probability at most ;  
This is the easy purchase of the mind,  
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find :  
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore  
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

**DIES NOVISSIMA:**

OR,

**THE LAST EPIPHANY.****A PINDARIC ODE, ON CHRIST'S SECOND APPEARANCE,  
TO JUDGE THE WORLD.**

ADIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please  
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease ;  
Begone : I'll waste no more vain hours with you,  
And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my muse,  
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.  
See ! beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,  
And promises assistance with his hands.

I feel the heavy-rolling God,  
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat !  
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat:  
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,  
And overflowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O Sacred Pow'r, inspire,  
Or soul more large, the' elapses to receive,  
And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,  
And each gay following charm, from death to save.  
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast,  
I rave, with ecstasies oppress'd;

I rise, the mountains lessen and retire,  
And now I mix, unsinged, with elemental fire !  
The leading Deity I have in view,  
Nor mortal knows as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unsullied light,  
I gazed, and sicken'd at the blissful sight,  
A shuddering paleness seized my look,  
At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke :  
' Say, sacred guide, shall this bright clime  
Survive the fatal test of time,  
Or perish, with our mortal globe below,  
When yon sun no longer shines ?'  
Straight I finish'd, — veiling low,  
The visionary power rejoins :  
' Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,  
The niceties of that tremendous day.  
Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,  
And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,  
The great decisive morn shall rise, [skies,  
And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening  
Eternal grace and justice He'll bestow  
On all the trembling world below.'

He said ; I mused, and thus return'd :  
' What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,  
Shall the brooding day reveal ?'  
He answer'd mild——  
' Already, stupid with their crimes,  
Blind mortals, prostrate to their idols lie !  
Such were the boding times,  
Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky,  
Dissolved they lay, in fulsome ease,  
And revell'd in luxuriant peace ;

In bacchanals they did their hours consume,  
And bacchanals led on their swift, advancing  
doom.'

Adulterate Christs already rise,  
And dare to asswage the angry skies,  
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,  
And from the cross, alas ! He does neglected sigh;  
The anti-christian power has raised his hydra-head,  
And ruin, only less than Jesus' health, does spread;  
So long the gore through poison'd veins has  
flow'd,  
That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood ;  
Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,  
The monster's shape, and cursed design belies ;  
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,  
He quaffs, and scatters the contagious spleen :  
Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,  
Nature shall paint the shining scene,  
Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

Forward Confusion shall provoke the fray,  
And Nature from her ancient order stray ;  
Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,  
In horrid ranges shall advance,  
And, as they march, in thickest sables drown'd,  
The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,  
And lightnings join the fearful dance ;  
The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,  
And universal terror shed,  
Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,  
The encumber'd region of the air shall choke ;  
The noisy main shall lave the suffering shore,  
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar

Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,  
And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns ;  
The forest shall beneath the tempest bend,  
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,  
And spotless Misrule all around,  
Order, its flying foe, confound,  
Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be  
unspun ;  
Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,  
(The wand, with which, ere time begun,  
His wandering slaves he did command,  
And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges  
The hostile Harmony shall chase ; [run)  
And as the nymph resigns her place,  
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,  
The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,  
And, following, storms the perching dame's retreat,  
Adding the terror of his threat ;  
The globe shall faintly tremble round,  
And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swathed in substantial shrouds of night,  
The sickening sun shall from the world retire,  
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire,  
Which dangling once shed round a lavish flood of  
light ;  
No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,  
Not yielding to primeval gloom,  
Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb,  
Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers  
play'd.

A jetty mixture of the darkness spread  
O'er murmuring Egypt's head,  
And that which angels drew  
O'er Nature's face, when Jesus dy'd;  
Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,  
And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,  
And fleeting pass'd, exposed their bloodless breasts  
to view,  
Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories  
glide.

Now bolder fires appear,  
And o'er the palpable obscurment sport,  
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,  
Yet mark'd with fate as when he fled the' ethereal court,  
And plunged into the opening gulf of night;  
A sabre of immortal flame I bore,  
And with this arm his flourishing plume I tore,  
And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Meantime, the lambent prodigies on high  
Take gamesome measures in the sky;  
Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars,  
In chorus to the' enormous harmony;  
And halloos to his offspring from sulphureous  
stores:  
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,  
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The moon turns paler at the sight,  
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;

The lightning, with its livid tail,  
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,  
Which o'er the trembling world prevail ;  
Wing'd, and blown on, by storms of wind,  
They show the hideous leaps on either hand  
Of night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,  
And there erects her royal stand,  
In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples  
bound.

The stars, next, starting from their sphere,  
In giddy revolutions leap and bound :  
Whilst this with double fury glares,  
And meditates new wars,  
And wheels in sportive gyres around,  
Its neighbour shall advance to fight,  
And while each offers to enlarge its right,  
The general ruin shall increase,  
And banish all the votaries of peace ;  
No more the stars, with paler beams,  
Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,  
But travel downward to behold,  
What mimics them so twinkling there ;  
And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,  
For the loved image straight expire,  
And agonize in warm desire,  
Or slake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below  
In their viperous ruins glow,  
They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,  
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the  
noise ;

Then see the' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,  
Clothed in imperial robes of light,  
His wings the winds, rough storms the chariot  
bear,  
And nimbler harbingers before him fly,  
And with officious rudeness brush the air :  
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,  
In horrid sport, with one another vie,  
And leave behind quick winding tracks of light;  
Then urging, to their ranks they close,  
And shivering, lest they start, a sailing caravan  
compose.

The mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,  
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait :  
His waving vestments shine,  
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beams resign,  
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his  
form divine ;  
Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,  
And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay ;  
His Father's reverent characters he'll wear,  
And both o'erwhelm with light, and overawe  
with fear ;  
Myriads of angels shall be there,  
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear ;  
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,  
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vest-  
ments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,  
To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,  
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,

And swell the lustre of his pompous train;  
 The nimble ministers of bliss or woe,  
 We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,  
 As He admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news,  
 Through every angel's breast, fresh raptures shall  
     The day is come, [diffuse ;  
 When Satan with his powers shall sink to end-  
     less doom ;  
 No more shall we his hostile troops pursue,  
 From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

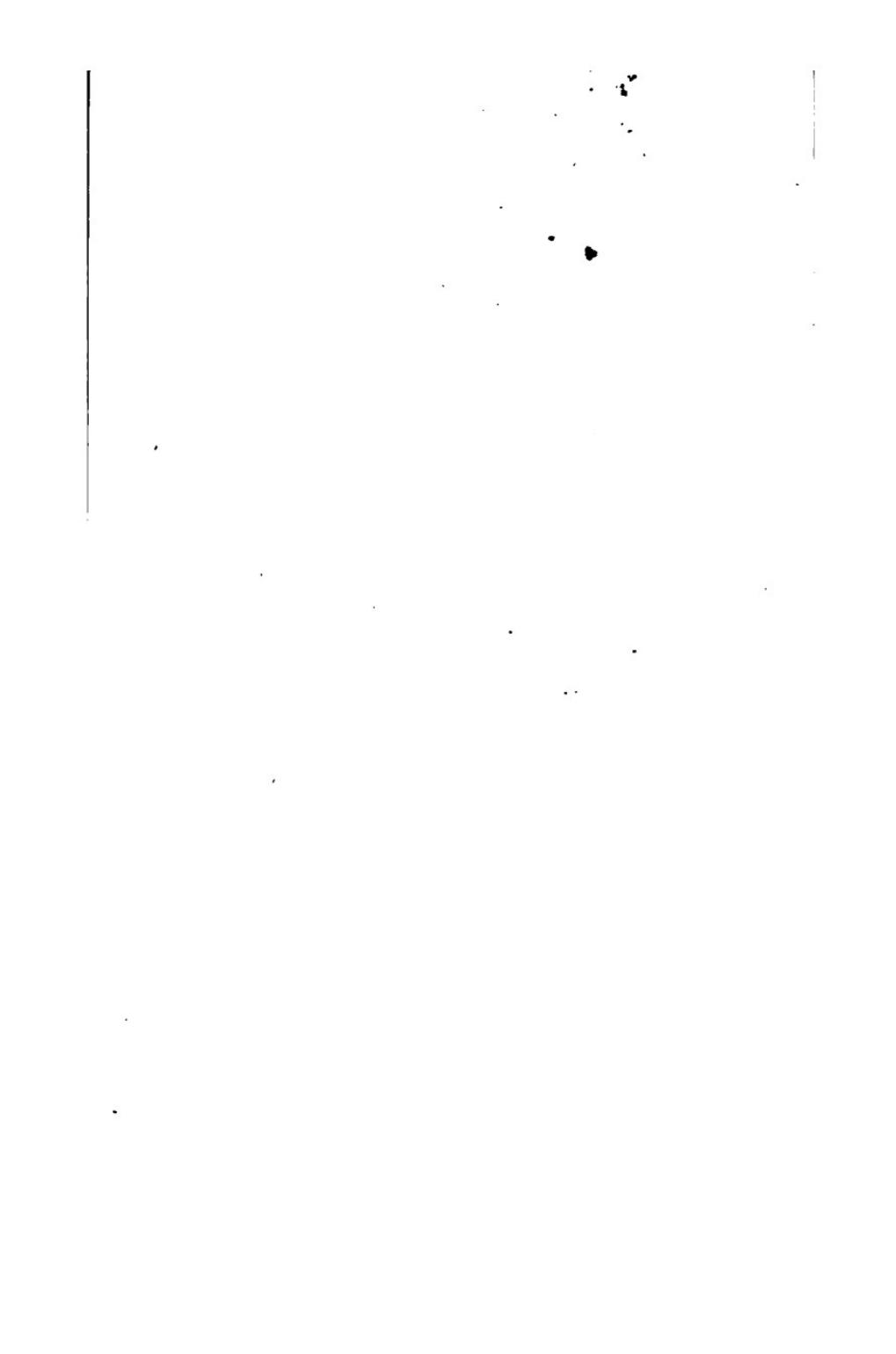
Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound ;  
 From falling spheres, the joyful music shall re-  
     bound, [round ;  
 And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it  
     Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,  
         Than when, from Sinai's hill,  
         In thunder, through the horrid reddening  
             The' Almighty spoke ; [smoke,  
         We'll shout around with martial joy,  
 And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice  
     our shouts reply.  
 Then first the' Archangel's voice, aloud,  
     Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,  
         And hallelujahs fill the crowd,  
         And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep, all human race shall rise,  
 And see the morn, and Judge advancing in the  
     skies ;

To their long tenements the souls return,  
Whilst down the steep of Heaven, as swift the  
Judge descends :  
These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn,  
Whilst, see ! distracted looks yon stalking shade  
attend.

The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,  
Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship ;  
But from the wreck in triumph they arise,  
And, borne to bliss, shall tread empyreal skies.

THE  
POEMS  
OF  
*Elijah Fenton.*



THE  
LIFE OF ELIJAH FENTON.  
BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

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THE brevity with which I am to write the account of ELIJAH FENTON, is not the effect of indifference or negligence. I have sought intelligence among his relations in his native country, but have not obtained it.

He was born near Newcastle, in Staffordshire, of an ancient family<sup>1</sup>, whose estate was very considerable; but he was the youngest of eleven children, and being therefore necessarily destined to some lucrative employment, was sent first to school, and afterwards to Cambridge<sup>2</sup>, but, with many other wise and virtuous men, who at that time of discord and debate consulted conscience, whether well or

<sup>1</sup> He was born at Shelton, near Newcastle, May 20, 1683, and was the youngest of eleven children of John Fenton, an attorney at law, and one of the coroners for the county of Stafford. His father died in 1694; and his grave, in the church-yard of Stoke-upon-Trent, is distinguished by an elegant Latin inscription from the pen of his son.

<sup>2</sup> He was entered of Jesus College, and took a Bachelor's degree in 1704; but it appears that he removed in 1726 to Trinity Hall.

ill informed, more than interest, he doubted the legality of the government, and refusing to qualify himself for public employment by the oaths required, left the university without a degree; but I never heard that the enthusiasm of opposition impelled him to separation from the Church.

By this perverseness of integrity he was driven out a commoner of Nature, excluded from the regular modes of profit and prosperity, and reduced to pick up a livelihood uncertain and fortuitous; but it must be remembered that he kept his name unsullied, and never suffered himself to be reduced, like too many of the same sect, to mean arts and dishonourable shifts. Whoever mentioned Fenton, mentioned him with honour.

The life that passes in penury must necessarily pass in obscurity. It is impossible to trace Fenton from year to year, or to discover what means he used for his support. He was awhile secretary to Charles Earl of Orrery, in Flanders, and tutor to his young son, who afterwards mentioned him with great esteem and tenderness. He was at one time assistant in the school of Mr. Bonwicke, in Surrey; and at another, kept a school for himself at Seven Oaks, in Kent, which he brought into reputation; but was persuaded to leave it (1710) by Mr. St. John, with promises of a more honourable employment.

His opinions, as he was a Nonjuror, seem not to have been remarkably rigid. He wrote with great zeal and affection the praises of Queen Anne, and very willingly and liberally extolled the Duke of Marlborough, when he was (1707) at the height of his glory.

He expressed still more attention to Marlborough and his family by an elegiac Pastoral on the Marquis of Blandford, which could be prompted only by respect or kindness; for neither the duke nor duchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage,

The elegance of his poetry entitled him to the company of the wits of his time, and the amiableness of his manners made him loved wherever he was known. Of his friendship to Southern and Pope there are lasting monuments.

He published, in 1707, a collection of poems.

By Pope he was once placed in a station that might have been of great advantage. Craggs, when he was advanced to be secretary of state, (about 1720) feeling his want of literature, desired Pope to procure him an instructor, by whose help he might supply the deficiencies of his education. Pope recommended Fenton, in whom Craggs found all that he was seeking. There was now a prospect of ease and plenty; for Fenton had merit, and Craggs had generosity: but the small-pox suddenly put an end to the pleasing expectation.

When Pope, after the great success of his *Iliad*, undertook the *Odyssey*, being, as it seems, weary of translating, he determined to engage auxiliaries. Twelve books he took to himself, and twelve he distributed between Broome and Fenton: the books allotted to Fenton were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth. It is observable, that he did not take the eleventh, which he had before translated into blank verse; neither did Pope claim it, but committed it to Broome. How the two associates performed their parts is well known to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope.

In 1723 was performed his tragedy of 'Mariamne'; to which Southern, at whose house it was written, is said to have contributed such hints as his theatrical experience supplied. When it was shown to Cibber, it was rejected by him, with the additional insolence of advising Fenton to engage himself in some employment of honest labour, by which he

might obtain that support which he could never hope from his poetry. The play was acted at the other theatre; and the brutal petulance of Cibber was confuted, though, perhaps, not ashamed, by general applause. Fenton's profits are said to have amounted to near a thousand pounds, with which he discharged a debt contracted by his attendance at court.

Fenton seems to have had some peculiar system of versification. 'Mariamne' is written in lines of ten syllables, with few of those redundant terminations which the drama not only admits but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenor of his verse is so uniform that it cannot be thought casual; and yet upon what principle he so constructed it, is difficult to discover.

The mention of his play brings to my mind a very trifling occurrence. Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and Ford, a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined all to see the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door; where the door-keeper, inquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play, which Pope restored to *Brook*, was then *Broome*.

It was perhaps after his play that he undertook to revise the punctuation of Milton's poems, which, as the author neither wrote the original copy, nor corrected the press, was supposed capable of amendment. To this edition he prefixed a short and elegant account of Milton's life, written at once with tenderness and integrity.

He published likewise (1729) a very splendid edition of Waller, with notes often useful, often entertaining, but too much extended by long quotations from Clarendon. Illustrations drawn from a book so easily consulted, should be made by reference rather than transcription.

The latter part of his life was calm and pleasant. The relict of Sir William Trumbull invited him, by Pope's recommendation, to educate her son; whom he first instructed at home, and then attended to Cambridge. The lady afterwards detained him with her as the auditor of her accounts. He often wandered to London, and amused himself with the conversation of his friends.

He died in 1730, at Easthampstead, in Berkshire, the seat of Lady Trumbull; and Pope, who had been always his friend, honoured him with an epitaph, of which he borrowed the first two lines from Crashaw.

Fenton was tall and bulky, inclined to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise; for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his book or papers. A woman, that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie abed, and be fed with a spoon." This, however, was not the worst that might have been prognosticated; for Pope says, in his Letters, that "he died of indolence;" but his immediate distemper was the gout.

Of his morals and his conversation the account is uniform: he was never named but with praise and fondness, as a man in the highest degree amiable and excellent. Such was the character given him by the Earl of Orrery, his pupil; such is the testimony of Pope<sup>3</sup>; and such were the suffrages of all who could boast of his acquaintance.

<sup>3</sup> Spence.

By a former writer of his Life a story is told, which ought not to be forgotten. He used, in the latter part of his time, to pay his relations in the country a yearly visit. At an entertainment made for the family by his elder brother, he observed, that one of his sisters, who had married unfortunately, was absent; and found, upon inquiry, that distress had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As she was at no great distance, he refused to sit at the table till she was called, and, when she had taken her place, was careful to show her particular attention.

His collection of poems is now to be considered. The ode to the *Sun* is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. No poem should be long of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative. A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight.

Of *Florelia* it is sufficient to say, that it is an occasional pastoral, which implies something neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor serious.

The next ode is irregular, and therefore defective. As the sentiments are pious, they cannot easily be new; for what can be added to topics on which successive ages have been employed?

Of the *Paraphrase on Isaiah* nothing very favourable can be said. Sublime and solemn prose gains little by a change to blank verse; and the paraphrast has deserted his original, by admitting images not Asiatic, at least not Judaical:

———— Returning Peace,  
Dove-eyed, and robed in white—

Of his petty poems some are very trifling, without any thing to be praised either in the thought or ex-

pression. He is unlucky in his competitions; he tells the same idle tale with Congreve, and does not tell it so well. He translates from Ovid the same epistle as Pope; but I am afraid not with equal happiness.

To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His translation from Homer into blank verse will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. The piece addressed to Lambarde is no disagreeable specimen of epistolary poetry; and his ode to the Lord Gower was pronounced by Pope the next ode in the English language to Dryden's *Cecilia*. Fenton may be justly styled an excellent versifier and a good poet.

Whatever I have said of Fenton is confirmed by Pope in a letter, by which he communicated to Broome an account of his death.

" TO

" THE REV. MR. BROOME.

" AT PULHAM, NEAR HARLESTONE

" NOR

" [BY BECCLES BAG.]

" SUFFOLKE

" D' SIR,

" I INTENDED to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before y<sup>e</sup> came; but stay'd to have inform'd myself and you of y<sup>e</sup> circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a Gradual Decay, tho so early in Life, & was declining for 5 or 6 months. It was not, as I apprehended, the Gout in his Stomach, but I believe rather a Complication first of Gross Humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of Exercise. No man better bore y<sup>e</sup> approaches of

his Dissolution (as I am told) or with less ostentation yielded up his Being. The great Modesty w<sup>ch</sup> you know was natural to him, and y<sup>e</sup> great Contempt he had for all Sorts of Vanity & Parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: He had a conscious Satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, & unpretending to more than was his own. So he dyed, as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient, Contentment.

" As to any Papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of Vanity, or thought much of the Applause of men. I know an instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural Love of Ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least I hear of none except some few further remarks on Waller (w<sup>ch</sup> his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson) and perhaps, tho' tis many years since I saw it, a Translation of y<sup>e</sup> first Book of Oppian. He had begun a Tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

" As to his other Affairs, he dyed poor, but honest, leaving no Debts, or Legacies; except of a few p<sup>d</sup> to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, Gratefulness, and mutual Esteem.

" I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian and Philosophical character, in His Epitaph. There Truth may be spoken in a few words: as for Flourish, & Oratory, & Poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively Writers, such as love writing for writing sake, & w<sup>d</sup> rather show their own Fine Parts, y<sup>e</sup> Report the valuable ones of any other man. So the Elegy I renounce.

" I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a Friend to us both. Now he

is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, & set your character in the fairest light to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

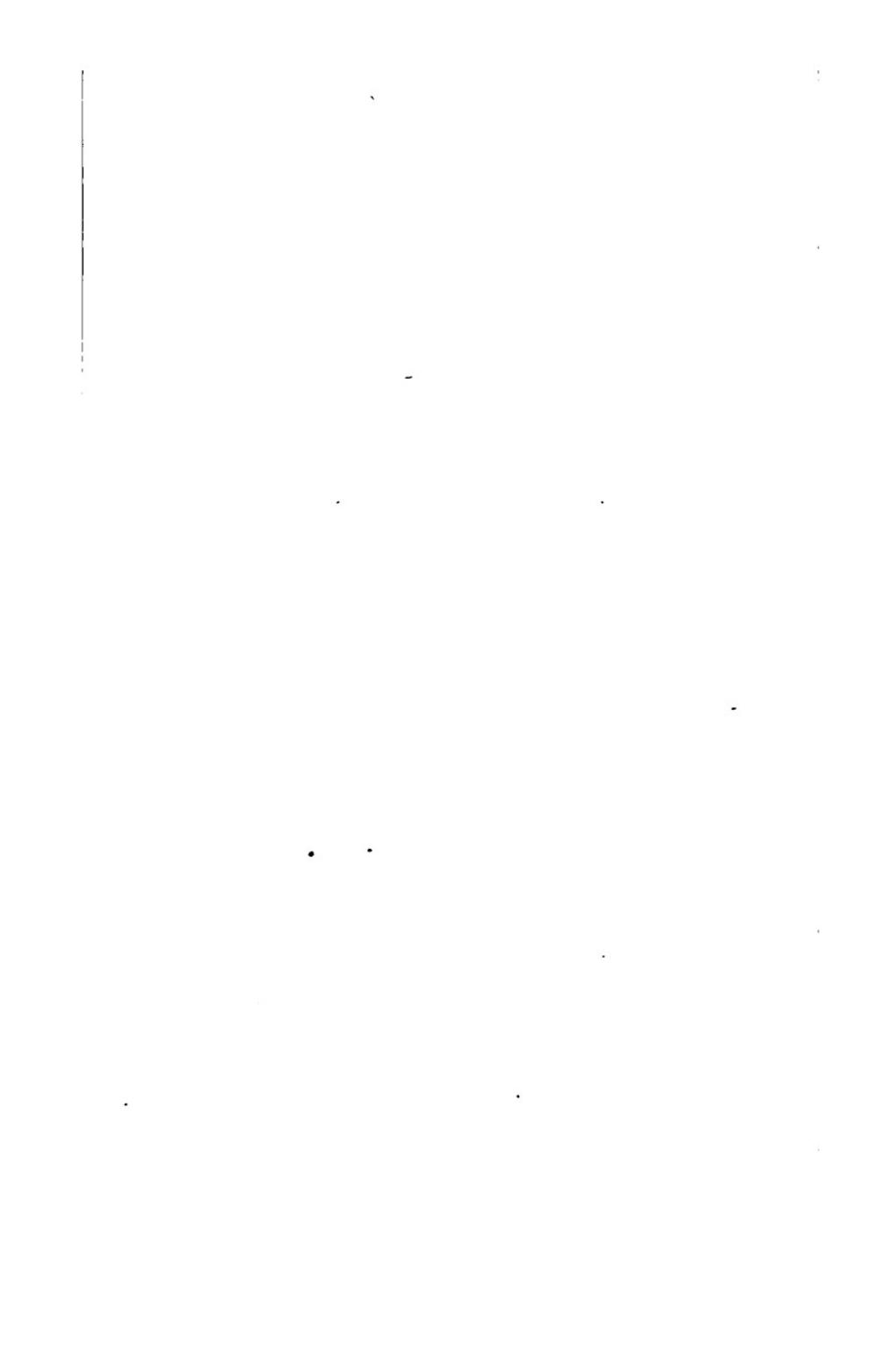
“ Adieu: Let us love his Memory, and profit by his example. I am very sincerely

“ D' SIR

“ Your affectionate  
“ & real Servant

“ Aug. 29, 1730.

“ A. POPE.”



**POEMS**  
OF  
**ELIJAH FENTON.**

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**A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR,**

**1705.**

JANUS ! great leader of the rolling year,  
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,  
But joys and griefs alike, once burried o'er,  
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;  
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace  
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,  
While Time's new offspring hasten to appear,  
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,  
Command the circling Seasons to advance,  
And form their renovated dance,  
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by  
friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus ! gave me first to know  
A mortal's trifling cares below ;  
My race of life began with thee.  
Thus far from great misfortunes free,

Contented, I my lot endure,  
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,  
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,  
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise Reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,  
I would foreknow my future doom.  
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy  
Events that yet in embryo lie,  
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?  
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear  
A thousand accidents severe;  
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,  
If love rejected add not to its weight,  
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,  
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,  
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune, lies;  
If she must, with a less propitious look,  
Forbid my humble sacrifice,  
Or blast me with a killing frown;  
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,  
Cut short my mortal thread, and now  
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!  
Here let me lay my burthen down,  
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

AN

## ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE YEAR 1707.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu  
 Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnus  
 Qui salutari levat arte fessos  
 Corporis artus; ——  
 Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper  
 Proroget ævum. Hob.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,  
 To gild the new revolving sphere ;  
 And from the pregnant womb of night  
 Urge on to birth the infant year.  
 Rich with auspicious lustre rise,  
 Thou fairest regent of the skies,  
 Conspicuous with thy silver bow !  
 To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove,  
 To rule the radiant orbs above,  
 To Gloriana this below.

With joy renew thy destined race,  
 And let the mighty months begin :  
 Let no ill omen cloud thy face,  
 Through all thy circle smile serene.

While the stern ministers of fate  
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,  
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head ;  
The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,  
Their whitest wings should ever wear,  
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,  
And the long honours of her race began,  
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,  
They from thy stores in happy order ran.  
Heroes elected to the list of fame  
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state ;  
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name  
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,  
Each year advanced a rival to the rest,  
In comely spoils of war, and great achievements  
dress'd.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye  
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,  
When nothing equal here could vie  
In strength with her imperious state ;  
Say, if high virtues there did reign  
Exalted in a nobler strain,  
Than in fair Albion thou hast seen ;  
Or can her demi-gods compare  
Their trophies for successful war,  
To those that rise for Albion's queen !

When Albion first majestic show'd  
High o'er the circling seas her head,  
Her the great Father smiling view'd,  
And thus to bright Victoria said :

'Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,  
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,  
This isle to you shall sacred be ;  
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,  
And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,  
As Gloriana shall decree.'

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase !  
With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims ;  
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess :  
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.  
Roll, sovereign of the streams ! thy rapid tide,  
And bid thy brother floods revere the queen,  
Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd  
To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine ;  
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,  
Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

Advanced to thy meridian height,  
On earth, great god of day, look down ;  
Let Windsor entertain thy sight,  
Clad in fair emblems of renown :  
And whilst in radiant pomp appear  
The names to bright Victoria dear,  
Intent the long procession view :  
Confess none worthier ever wore  
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,  
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

But oh ! withdraw thy piercing rays,  
The nymph anew begins to moan,  
Viewing the much-lamented space,  
Where late her warlike William shone :  
There fix'd by her officious hand,  
His sword and sceptre of command,

To deathless fame, adopted rest;  
Nor wants there to complete her woe,  
Placed with respectful love below,  
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,  
Long let our vows avert the distant woe,  
Ere Gloriana reascends the sky,  
And leaves a land of orphans here below!  
But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray  
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,  
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,  
May her mild influence all their councils guide:  
To Albion ever constant in her love,  
Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest star  
above.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,  
And virtue raised by pious arms,  
Let Albion be thy fair delight,  
And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:  
With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,  
Let laurel rise on every hill,  
Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:  
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,  
And make each vale with Pæans ring,  
To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

Secure of bright eternal fame,  
With happy wing the Theban swan  
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,  
Inspired by thee, the song began:  
Through deserts of unclouded night,  
When he harmonious took his flight,

The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres :  
Still envy darts her rage in vain,  
The lustre of his worth to stain,  
He growing whiter with his years.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise  
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,  
What muse is destined to our sovereign's praise,  
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire ?  
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,  
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,  
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose ;  
And all intent on Gloriana's name,  
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,  
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giant's  
war.

In sure records each shining deed,  
When faithful Clio sets to view,  
Posterity will doubting read,  
And scarce believe her annals true :  
The Muses toil with art to raise  
Fictitious monuments of praise,  
When other actions they rehearse :  
But half of Gloriana's reign,  
That so the rest may credit gain,  
Should pass unregister'd in verse.

High on its own establish'd base  
Prevailing virtue's pleased to rise ;  
Divinely deck'd with native grace,  
Rich in itself with solid joys !  
Ere Gloriana on the throne,  
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,

In types of regal power was seen :  
With fair preeminence confess'd,  
It triumph'd in a private breast,  
And made the princess more than queen,

O Phœbus ! would thy godhead not refuse  
This humble incense, on thy altar laid ;  
Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse,  
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid ;  
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,  
And sing the parent of her land, who strove  
To exceed the transports of her people's zeal,  
With acts of mercy, and majestic love ;  
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given  
The guardian power of earth, and public care of  
Heaven.

Then, Churchill, should the Muse record  
The conquests by thy sword achieved ;  
Quiet to Belgian states restored,  
And Austrian crowns by thee retrieved.  
Imperious Leopold confess'd  
His hoary majesty distress'd ;  
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,  
Nor with less terror shook his throne,  
Than when the rising crescent shone  
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

The warrior led the Britons forth  
On foreign fields to dare their fate,  
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,  
In war unknowing to retreat :  
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,  
When Mars had breathed a purple grace,

And mighty fury fill'd his breast :  
How like thyself, when to destroy  
The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,  
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd !

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,  
Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,  
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,  
Like a roused lion to the Maese return'd ;  
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,  
Unused to grieve his host with long delay ;  
Whilst winged with fear the force of Gallia flew ;  
As when the morning-star restores the day,  
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain  
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mourn-  
ful plain.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,  
And put the Bourbon laurels on ;  
To thee deliver'd nations bow,  
And bless the spoils thy wars have won,  
For thee Bellona points her spear,  
And whilst lamenting mothers fear,  
On high her signal torch displays ;  
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again  
Obsequious she receives thy chain,  
And smooths her violence of face.

Parent of arms ! for ever stand  
With large increase of fame revered,  
Whilst arches to thy saving hand  
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.  
Eugene, inspired to war by thee,  
Ausonia's weeping states to free,

Swift on the' imperial eagle flies ;  
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed  
The' asserted Iber lifts his head,  
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

Io Britannia ! fix'd on foreign wars,  
Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name :  
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,  
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.  
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,  
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,  
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores ;  
So earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,  
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,  
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

When, with establish'd freedom bless'd,  
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,  
Whose happy power relieved the' oppress'd  
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud ;  
Mature in fame, the grateful gods  
Received him to their bright abodes :  
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys ;  
Garlands the willing Muses wove,  
And each with emulation strove  
To' adorn the Churchill of the skies.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred Nine !  
Your harps with generous ardour string,  
With fame's immortal trumpet join,  
And safe beneath his laurel sing ;  
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide,  
And duteous in a smoother tide,

To British seas her tribute yield ;  
Wakeful at honour's shrine attend,  
And long with living beams defend  
From night, the warrior's votive shield.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,  
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restored ;  
Thou that with pride dost Edward's <sup>1</sup> cradle claim,  
Receive an equal hero for thy lord :  
Whilst every column, to record their toils,  
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,  
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,  
Gather'd on famed Ramillia and Poictiers,  
High on thy tower the grateful flag display,  
Due to thy queen's reward, and Blenheim's glo-  
rious day.

<sup>1</sup> The Black Prince.

**FLORELIO;****A Pastoral,****LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE  
MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.**

Ask not the cause why all the tuneful swains,  
Who used to fill the vales with tender strains,  
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,  
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.  
Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear  
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;  
Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,  
And, swoln with tears, to floods the rivulets rise:  
The fair Florelio now has left the plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain.

For thee, loved youth! on every vale and lawn,  
The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan.  
The little birds now cease to sing and love,  
Silent they sit, and droop in every grove:  
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,  
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the sullen spring:  
Only the melancholy turtles coo,  
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.  
O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,  
Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:  
Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,  
Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.

Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he used to rest,  
If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were press'd;  
Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore  
The image of so fair a face before.  
But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,  
For never must the lovely swain return;  
And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,  
O, murmur for the shepherd, as ye glide:  
Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,  
Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes:  
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,  
And, whispering, tell the floods Florelio's gone;  
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches, grew,  
Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view.  
For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,  
Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.  
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,  
And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.  
Nor can the bees suck from the shrivell'd blooms  
Etherial sweets, to store their golden combs.  
Oft on thy lips they would their labour leave,  
And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive:  
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies  
In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.  
But now those lips are cold; relentless Death  
Hath chill'd their charms, and stopp'd thy balmy  
breath.

Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,  
And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,  
Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night  
Are closed, and give us woes as once delight :  
And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,  
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every  
British swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,  
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay !  
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the  
wood,  
And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood.  
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,  
And as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.  
'Softly,' they cried, 'as sleeping flowers are closed  
By night, be thy dear eyes by Death composed :  
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,  
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave :  
Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,  
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn ;  
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,  
Nor less wert thou beloved by every swain.  
Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,  
For he was ever good and kind to you :  
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,  
In weeping characters record your love.'  
And as in memory of Adonis slain,  
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,  
His river, to record the guilty day,  
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea :  
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,  
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow :  
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,  
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.

The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave  
the lawn,

And yearly on their banks renew their moan :  
His mother, while they there lament, shall be  
The queen of love, the loved Adonis he :  
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,  
And he too like Adonis in his fate !  
For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain. [side,

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks pre-  
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,  
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,  
Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.  
Oft they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,  
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelio died.  
Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove  
To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.  
But now they roam distracted with despair,  
And cypress, twined with mournful willows, wear.  
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,  
And saffron buds and fading lilies strow,  
With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,  
'So sweet and soft the shepherd was ! so soon  
decreed to die !'

There, fresh in dear remembrance of their woes,  
His name the young anemones disclose ;  
Nor strange they should a double grief avow,  
Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.  
Breathe soft, ye winds ! long let them paint the  
plain,

Unhurt, untouched, by every passing swain.  
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,  
With which ye crown the mistress of the May,

Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,  
O pluck them gently for Florelio's sake !  
And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye  
stray,  
Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play ;  
O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring  
Elysium early, and improve the spring :  
When evening gales attentive silence keep,  
And Heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,  
By the soft fall of every warbling stream,  
Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name :  
There to the tender lute attune your woe,  
While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.  
So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,  
And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers !  
Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,  
In the melodious choir to breathe their last.  
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain  
Like thee, when young Philisides was slain !  
Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !  
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?  
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,  
They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise :  
To him my voice, to him my lays, belong,  
And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung :  
Even she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more  
Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before ;  
While every tender sigh, to seal our bliss,  
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiss :  
Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,  
So much my grief is stronger than my love :  
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away  
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,  
Sad in her native grove she sits alone,  
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan ;  
So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,  
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie ;  
Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,  
But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain ;  
Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,  
That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.  
Not such her look (severe reverse of fate !)  
When little Loves in every dimple sate ;  
And all the Smiles delighted to resort  
On the calm Heaven of her soft cheeks to sport :  
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,  
Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.  
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,  
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose :  
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,  
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.  
And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,  
The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,  
To the cold print there close she joins her face,  
And all with gushing tears bedews the grass.  
There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying  
skies,  
' And, oh ! return, my lovely youth,' she cries ;  
' Return, Florelio, with thy wonted charms  
Fill the soft circle of my longing arms.' —  
Cease, fair Affliction, cease ! the lovely boy  
In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.  
The Fates can never change their first decree,  
Or sure they would have changed this one for thee.

Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,  
Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son.  
Thy son for ever now has left the plain,  
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every  
British swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,  
Once happy scenes of our successful loves :  
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu !  
Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.  
Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,  
For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.  
This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive ;  
'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give !  
But grief from its own power will set me free,  
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :  
Cropp'd in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go  
With hasty joy to wait thy shade below :  
In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers,  
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.  
Where citron groves ethereal odours breathe,  
And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath ;  
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,  
As here above thy sister Graces are.

## LIFE.

## AN ODE.

**W**HAT art thou, Life, whose stay we court?  
**W**hat is thy rival, Death, we fear?  
**S**ince we're but fickle Fortune's sport,  
**W**hy should we wish to' inhabit here,  
**A**nd think the race, we find so rough, too short?

**W**hile in the womb we forming lie,  
**W**hile yet the lamp of life displays  
**A**doubtful dawn with feeble rays,  
**N**ew issuing from non-entity ;  
**T**he shell of flesh pollutes with sin  
**I**ts gem, the soul, just enter'd in;  
**A**nd, by transmitted vice defiled,  
**T**he fiend commences with the child.

**I**n this dark region future fates are bred,  
**A**nd mines of secret ruin laid:  
**H**ot fevers here long kindling lie,  
**P**repared with flaming whips to rage,  
**A**nd lash on lingering Destiny :  
**W**hene'er excess has fired our riper age,  
**H**ere brood in infancy the gout and stone,  
**F**ruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.  
**E**ven with our nourishment we death receive,  
**F**or here our guiltless mothers give  
**P**

Hence noisome humours<sup>1</sup> sweat through every pore,  
 And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore :  
 Nor, moved with beauty, will the dire disease  
     Forbear on faultless forms to seize ;  
     But vindicates the good, the gay,  
     The wise, the young, its common prey.  
 Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,  
 The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

The spark of pure ethereal light  
     That actuates this fleeting frame,  
 Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,  
 And seems a glow-worm in a winter night.  
     But man would yet look wondrous wise,  
     And equal chains of thought devise ;  
     Intends his mind on mighty schemes,  
     Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims ;  
     And diagrams he draws, to' explain  
     The learn'd chimeras of his brain ;  
 And, with imaginary wisdom proud,  
 Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

Through Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,  
     Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam ;  
     False images our sight beguile,  
     But still we stumble through the gloom,  
 And science seek, which still deludes the mind.  
     Yet, more enamour'd with the race,  
 With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase :  
 In vain ! the various prey no bounds restrain ;  
 Fleeting it only leaves, to' increase our pain,  
 A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

<sup>1</sup> The small pox.

Yet, gracious God ! presumptuous man  
With random guesses, makes pretence  
To sound thy searchless providence,  
From which he first began :  
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,  
And circumscribe, with fancied laws, thy power.  
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,  
The Moon, presiding o'er the sea,  
Governs the waves with equal sway :  
But man, perverse and lawless still,  
Boldly runs counter to thy will ;  
Thy patient thunder he defies ;  
Lays down false principles, and moves  
By what his vicious choice approves ;  
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's  
wise.

Return, return, too long misled !  
With filial fear adore thy God :  
Ere the vast deep of Heaven was spread,  
Or body first in space abode,  
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.  
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,  
Sung to the' incomprehensible Three-One ;  
Yet then his clemency did please  
With lower forms to' augment his train,  
And made thee, wretched creature, man,  
Probationer of happiness.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,  
We momentary bubbles ride,  
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,  
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear;

We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,  
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not  
our own.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea  
Shall set their sleeping vassals free ;  
And the beloved of God,  
The faithful, and the just,  
Like Aaron's chosen rod,  
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust :  
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,  
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,  
And, from mortality refined, shall rise  
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies :  
Instructed then by intuition, we  
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see ;  
Shall then impartially confess  
Our demonstration was but guess ;  
That knowledge, which from human reason flows,  
Unless religion guide its course,  
And faith her steady mounds oppose,  
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

PART OF THE  
**FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH**  
 PARAPHRASED.

Now has the' Almighty Father, seated high  
 In ambient glories, from the eternal throne  
 Vouchsafed compassion ; and the' afflictive power  
 Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruised  
 The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,  
 Dove-eyed, and robed in white, the blissful land  
 Deigns to revisit; whilst beneath her steps  
 The soil, with civil slaughter oft manured,  
 Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops  
 The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,  
 Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove  
 Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore  
 The scions blooming in the parent shade.

When, vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass  
 Prone through the gates of Night, the dreary  
 realms

With loud acclaim received thee. Tyrants old  
 (Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)  
 Rose from their thrones ; for thrones they still  
 possess,

Their penance and their guilt: 'Art thou,' they cry,  
 'O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign  
 Associate of our woe? Nor comest thou girt  
 With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior-knights,

Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,  
Observant of thy brow ; nor hireling quires,  
Attempering to the harp their warbled airs,  
Thy panegyric chant ; but, hush'd in death,  
Like us thou liest unwept ; a corse obscene  
With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd  
Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer !

‘ How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n  
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide  
Aslope a summer-eve ! Of all the stars,  
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope  
To share divinity, or haply more,  
Elated as supreme, when o'er the North  
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings  
Portending ruinous downfal; wondrous low,  
Opprobrious and detested, art thou thrown,  
Disrobed of all thy splendours : round thee stand  
The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard  
Eying thee, pale and breathless, spend their rage  
In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,  
“ Is this the Mighty, whose imperious yoke  
We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds,  
And haunts of savages, transform'd the marts,  
And capital cities razed, pronouncing thrall  
Or exile on the peerage ? How becalm'd  
The tyrant lies, whose nostrils used to breathe  
Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones ! ”

‘ In solemn state the bones of pious kings,  
Gather'd to their great sires, are safe repos'd  
Beneath the weeping vault : but thou, a branch  
Blasted and cursed by Heaven, to dogs and fowls  
Art doom'd a banquet ; mingling some remains  
With criminals unabsolved ; on all thy race

Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes  
Thy children skulk, erroneous and forlorn,  
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue,  
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed  
The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd  
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.'

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## VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,  
Sees his own subjects with constraint obey ;  
And they who most his rising beams adored,  
Weep in their chains, and wish another lord.  
But, if the Muse not uninspired presage,  
Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage :  
His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,  
And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.  
So when to distant vales an eagle steers,  
His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years,  
From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly,  
Which bore him to his empire of the sky.  
Unlike, great queen, thy steps to deathless Fame ;  
O best, O greatest, of thy royal name !  
Thy Britons, famed for arts, in battle brave,  
Have nothing now to censure, or to crave :  
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,  
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.  
When edged with terrors, by thy vengeful hand  
The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land ;  
Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,  
For 'tis thy loved prerogative to save :

And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings  
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild Heaven on Eden's opening gems  
Bestow'd the balmiest dews, and brightest beams;  
So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,  
Britain's the darling object of thy care:  
By thy wise councils, and resistless might,  
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:  
Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,  
Thy piety cements domestic peace;  
Impatient of delay to fix the state,  
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove  
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;  
Kindled from Heaven, be your auspicious flame  
As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!  
And thou, fair northern nymph, partake our toil,  
With us divide the danger, and the spoil:  
When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,  
In steel around our Albion standards crowd;  
What wonders in the war shall now be shown  
By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-  
queen  
Shall wave her union-crosses o'er the Seine:  
Roused with heroic warmth unfelt before,  
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;  
And urging on to fame, with joy behold  
The woody walks, in which they ranged of old.  
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms  
Has awed the continent with dire alarms;  
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see  
Empires and states derive their power from thee;

From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,  
And reign without a rival o'er the west:  
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn  
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne ;  
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,  
Exposed a prey to every hostile hand :  
By strange extremes of destiny decreed  
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's head,  
With swift increase, her fragrant honours spread ;  
Beneath the growing shade secure he sate,  
To see the towers of Ninus bow to Fate :  
But, cursed by Heaven, the greens began to fade,  
And, siekening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

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### CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care  
His bow and quiver stored with darts ;  
Commissioning the matchless fair  
To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secured, he flies  
To sport amid the' Idalian grove ;  
Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,  
And bless'd the pleasing power of love.

The god their grateful songs engage,  
To spread his nets which Venus wrought ;  
Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,  
To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,  
Swift from the myrtle shades repair;  
A willing captive each became,  
And sweetlier caroll'd in the snare.

When Hymen had received the prey,  
To Cytherea's fane they flew;  
Regardless, while they wing'd their way,  
How sullen all the songsters grew.

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,  
But each with silent grief consumes;  
Though to celestial food preferr'd,  
They pining droop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,  
To beg her aid to Venus run;  
She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,  
But, smiling, thus advised her son:

'Pleasure grows languid with restraint,  
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:  
If you'll not have your linnets faint,  
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.'

## OLIVIA.

**OLIVIA's lewd, but looks devout,  
And scripture-proofs she throws about,**

**When first you try to win her ;  
Pull your fob of guineas out ;  
Fee Jenny first, and never doubt  
To find the saint a sinner.**

**Baxter by day is her delight :  
No chocolate must come in sight**

**Before two morning chapters :  
But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,  
She takes a civil friend at night,  
To raise her holy raptures.**

**Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay,  
At large her fiery tail display,**

**Encouraged by the dark :  
And yet the sullen thing all day  
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,  
And hid the native spark.**

## TO A LADY,

## SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS,

So smooth and clear the fountain was,  
In which his face Narcissus spied,  
When, gazing in that liquid glass,  
He for himself despair'd and died :  
Now, Chloris, can you safer see  
Your own perfections here than he.

The lark before the mirror plays,  
Which some deceitful swain has set,  
Pleased with herself, she fondly stays  
To die deluded in the net.  
Love may such frauds for you prepare,  
Yourself the captive, and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review  
Those graces opening in their bloom,  
Think how disease and age pursue,  
Your riper glories to consume.  
Then sighing you would wish your glass  
Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,  
But free the youth your power enslaves ;  
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,  
Reflected on the crystal waves ;  
Yet prized not all her charms above  
The pleasure of Endymion's love,

No longer let your glass supply  
Too just an emblem of your breast,  
Where oft to my deluded eye  
Love's image has appear'd impress'd ;  
But play'd so lightly on your mind,  
It left no lasting print behind.

## TO THE SAME,

## READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,  
Both how to polish and direct their darts,  
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,  
And read these lines to gain success in love :  
But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,  
Has power to' increase the conquests of your face.  
The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,  
Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers;  
But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,  
Though neither pity weeps, nor kindness warms.

The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim  
By stratagems, and poorly steal a name :  
The generous Son of Jove<sup>1</sup>, in open fight,  
Made bleeding victory proclaim his might :  
Like him resistless, when you take the field,  
Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield.

<sup>1</sup> Alexander.

## THE FAIR NUN.

## A TALE.

— *Ire per ignes,*  
Per gladios ausim. Neque in hoc tamen ignibus ullis,  
Aut gladiis opus est! opus est mihi crine.—  
OVID. Met. lib. viii.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess  
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,  
Assert that souls a tiptoe stand  
On what we call the pineal gland ;  
As weathercocks on spires are placed,  
To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange,  
We all should be so prone to change ;  
Even from the go-cart till we wear  
A satin cap in the' elbow chair ?  
The follies that the child began,  
Custom makes current in the man ;  
And, firm by livery and seisin,  
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

But still the gusts of love we find  
Blow strongest on a woman's mind ;  
Nor need I learnedly pursue  
The latent cause, the' effect is true ;  
For proof of which, in manner ample,  
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time, (for so my nurse,  
Heaven rest her bones ! began discourse)  
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,  
Began to languish with the spleen :  
She, who had shone at balls and play  
In gold brocade extremely gay,  
All on a sudden grew precise,  
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,  
A very prude in half a year,  
And most believed she was sincere :  
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,  
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers :  
Venus, and all her naked Loves,  
The reformado nymph removes ;  
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,  
Was placed in their respective quarters,  
Nor yet content, she could not bear  
The rankness of the public air,  
'Twas so infected with the vice  
Of luscious songs, and lovers' sighs :  
So most devoutly would be gone,  
And straight profess herself a nun.

A youth of breeding and address,  
And call him Thyrsis, if you please,  
Who had some wealth to recompense  
His slender dividend of sense ;  
Yet could, with little thought and care,  
Write tender things to please the fair ;  
And then successively did grow  
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau !  
(For fops thus naturally rise,  
As maggots turn to butterflies.)  
This spark, as story tells, before  
Had held with madam an amour,

Which he resolving to pursue,  
Exactly took the proper cue,  
And on the wings of love he flies  
To lady abbess, in disguise ;  
And tells her, he had brought the' advowson  
Of soul and body to dispose on.  
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd  
In petticoats, without a beard,  
Fond of a proselyte, and fees,  
Admits the fox among the geese.

Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,  
Though three to one, too weak for love ;  
And to describe the war throughout,  
Would make a glorious piece, no doubt,  
Where moral virtues might be slain,  
And rise, and fight, and fall again :  
Love should a bloody myrtle wear,  
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,  
The nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,  
Are seldom (more's the pity) lasting :  
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,  
Which others thought the' effects of zeal :  
But she, poor she, began to doubt,  
(Best knowing what she'd been about)  
The marriage earnest-penny lay,  
And burn'd her pocket, as we say.  
She now invokes, to ease her soul,  
The dagger and the poison'd bowl ;  
And, self condemn'd for breach of vow,  
To lose her life and honour too,  
Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as  
Your crazed Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,  
Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,  
The fiend (who never wants address  
To succour damsels in distress)  
Appearing, told her he perceived  
The fatal cause for which she grieved ;  
But promised her *en cavalier*,  
She should be freed from all her fear,  
And with her Thyrsis lead a life  
Devoid of all domestic strife,  
If she would sign a certain scrawl--  
Ay, that she would, if that was all.  
She sign'd, and he engaged to do  
Whate'er she pleased to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now,  
They both were freed, no matter how :  
For when we epic writers use  
Machines to disengage the Muse,  
We're clean acquit of all demands,  
The matter's left in abler hands ;  
And if they cannot loose the knot,  
Should we be censured ? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay ;  
For pomp and pleasures who but they,  
Who might do every thing but pray ?  
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,  
And Pug brought every thing she wanted ;  
A slave devoted to her will :  
But women will be wavering still.  
Even vice, without variety,  
Their squeamish appetites will cloy :  
And having stolen from lady abbess  
One of our merry modern rabbies,

She found a trick she thought would pass,  
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right  
Amidst a moonless stormy night.  
When madam and her spouse together  
Guess'd at his coming by the weather.  
He came : ' To night,' (says he), I drudge  
To fetch a heriot for a judge,  
A gouty nine-i' the' hundred knave ;  
But, madam, do you want your slave ?  
I need not presently begone,  
Because the doctors have not done,  
A rosy vicar and a quack  
Repulsed me in my last attack :  
But all in vain, for mine he is ;  
A fig for both the faculties.'

The dame produced a single hair,  
But whence it came I cannot swear ;  
Yet this I will affirm is true :  
It curl'd like any bottle screw.  
' Sir Nic,' (quoth she), you know us all,  
We ladies are fantastical :  
You see this hair'—' Yes, madam'—' Pray  
In presence of my husband stay,  
And make it straight ; or else you grant  
Our solemn league and covenant  
Is void in law.'—' It is, I own it :  
And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,  
If wetting would not do thefeat :  
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,  
But still it kept the elastic motion.  
Well ! more ways may be found than one  
To kill a witch that will not drown.

‘ If I (quoth he) conceive its nature,  
This hair has flourish’d nigh the water :  
‘ Tis crisp’d with cold, perhaps, and then  
The fire will make it straight again.”  
In haste he to the fire applies it,  
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.  
Heigh jingo, worse than ’twas before !  
The more it warms, it twirls the more.  
He stamp’d his cloven foot, and chafed ;  
The husband and the lady laugh’d.

Howe’er he fancy’d sure enough  
He should not find it hammer-proof.  
No Cyclops e’er at work was warmer,  
At forging thunderbolts or armour,  
Than Satan was ; but all in vain :  
Again he beats.—It curls again !  
At length he bellow’d in a rage,  
‘ This hair will take me up an age.’  
‘ This take an age ! (the husband swore),  
‘ Zounds ! Betty has five hundred more.’  
‘ More ! take your bond, (quoth Pug); adieu,  
‘ Tis loss of time to ply for you.’

AN

## EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERN,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,  
And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:  
Thee ! who to Britain still preservest the crown,  
And makest her rival Athens in renown.  
Could Sophocles behold, in mournful state,  
The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;  
Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,  
Distress'd and lost for vices not her own ;  
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,  
To write by nature were to copy thee :  
So full, so fair, thy images are shown,  
He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age (its memory will last !)  
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,  
In which the sable Muse with hopes and fears  
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.  
But where's that art which all our passions raised,  
And moved the springs of Nature as it pleased ?  
Our poets only practise on the pit  
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.  
Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast  
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.  
Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand  
Among the chosen classics of our land.

And whilst our sons are by tradition taught  
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,  
They 'll think it praise to relish and repeat,  
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind  
(The universal mirror of mankind)  
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,  
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age;  
When his immortal bays began to grow  
Rude was the language, and the humour low :  
He, like the god of day, was always bright,  
But rolling in its course, his orb of light  
Was sullied, and obscured, though soaring high,  
With spots contracted from the nether sky.  
But whither is the' adventurous Muse betray'd ?  
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade !  
May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,  
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn :  
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,  
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,  
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:  
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,  
Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name.  
But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,  
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear :  
The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,  
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,  
But that his friend, judiciously severe,  
Pruned the luxuriant boughs with artful care ;  
On various sounding harps the Muses play'd,  
And sung and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,  
For in those days were giants in the land :

Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,  
And bow with filial awe to Shakspeare's fame ;  
The second honours are a glorious name.  
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord  
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accursed ensued,  
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood ;  
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,  
She fled, and left her province to the law.  
Her merry sister still pursued the game,  
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.  
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,  
And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace ;  
Then circumcised her locks, and form'd her tone,  
By humming to a tabor and a drone ;  
Her eyes she disciplined precisely right,  
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white :  
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next  
Assumed a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,  
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne ;  
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,  
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band ;  
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,  
With pointed wit, and energy of sense :  
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,  
And all deserved, and all received, applause.

Restored with less success, the Tragic Muse  
Had quite forgot her style by long disuse ;  
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,  
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime ;  
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,  
And sneering shamed her into sense at last.

But now, relapsed, she dwindles to a song,  
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;  
And with a minstrelsy may still remain,  
Till Southerne court her to be great again.  
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan-dame<sup>1</sup>,  
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)  
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,  
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud,  
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,  
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,  
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:  
They, when their period's measured out by time,  
Transplant their laurels to another clime.  
The Grecian muse once fill'd with loud alarms  
The court of Heaven, and clad the gods in arms;  
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd  
The doric reed, and sunk beneath the shade;  
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains  
To observe the seasons, and manure the plains;  
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,  
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;  
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,  
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;  
Or in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,  
Show'd vice enthroned, and virtuous kings op-  
press'd.

The nymph still fair, however pass'd her bloom,  
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:

<sup>1</sup> A tragedy by Southerne so called; the subject taken from Plutarch's life of Agis. It was written before the Restoration, though not acted till 1719, when its success verified the poetic augury of Fenton.

Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to  
flow,  
And raised the rocks, and spread the lawns below;  
Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,  
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dyed;  
Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring  
swains,  
And shivering winter pines in icy chains:  
And praised the Power Supreme, nor dared ad-  
So vain a theory as that of chance. [vance  
But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,  
She changed her hand, and chose a softer air,  
And love and beauty next became her care.  
Greece, her loved country, only could afford  
A Venus and a Helen to record;  
A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,  
Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd.  
To' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,  
But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.  
Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,  
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:  
Both now are prized by few, unknown to most,  
Because the thoughts are in the language lost.  
Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,  
Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:  
Rich was their imagery, till time defaced  
The curious works; but Waller came at last.  
Waller, the muse with heavenly verse supplies,  
Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;  
' All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
Attend his passion, and approve his song.'  
But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age  
Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,

To Granville his melodious lute she gave,  
Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave ;  
'Accept this gift, my favourite youth ! (she cried),  
To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde,  
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim ;  
And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.'

O ! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,  
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love !  
His colours and his hand alone should paint  
In Britain's queen<sup>2</sup> the warrior and the saint ;  
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,  
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.  
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,  
Strong and serene, to bless the land below ;  
O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,  
And the wild rage of tyranny control.  
Her power to quell, and pity to redress,  
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess ;  
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head  
To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread :  
And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,  
The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.  
O Granville ! all these glorious scenes display,  
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway ;  
And make her memory revered by all,  
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.

Pardon me, friend ! I own my muse too free,  
To write so long on such a theme to thee :  
To play the critic here !—with equal right  
Bid her pretend to teach Argyle to fight;

<sup>2</sup> Queen Anne.

Instruct the' unerring sun to guide the year,  
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer ;  
Give Harcourt eloquence to' adorn the seal,  
Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal ;  
Try to correct what Orrery shall write,  
And make harmonious St. John more polite ;  
Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,  
And Jersey how to serve and grace a court ;  
Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,  
When Venus and her loves around him stand ;  
In sage debates to Rochester impart  
A searching head, and ever faithful heart ;  
Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,  
High without pride, and amiably great,  
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,  
At once to please and benefit mankind. [known,

When cares were to my blooming youth un-  
My fancy free, and all my hours my own,  
I loved along the laureat grove to stray,  
The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay :  
But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows  
To make a couplet tinkle in the close.  
Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,  
And quit the town to breathe a purer air ;  
Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets  
Of easy life in Twysden's calm retreats,  
(As Terence to his Lælius loved to come,  
And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome;) Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,  
By sharing, will improve your happiness ;  
In both their souls imperial reason sways,  
In both the patriot and the friend displays ;  
Beloved, and praised by all, who merit love and  
praise ;

With bright ideas there inspired anew,  
By them excited, and inform'd by you,  
I may with happier skill essay to sing  
Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,  
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave ;  
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,  
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god ;  
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,  
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

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## A LETTER TO THE

## KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

---

— Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.  
MART. Lib. iv.

---

SIR Knight, who know with equal skill  
To make a poem and a pill,  
'Twas my misfortune, the' other night,  
To be tormented with a spright.  
On either side his head the hair  
Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare ;  
His garb antique, but on his face  
There reign'd a sweet majestic grace ;  
Of comely port, and in his hand  
He decent waved a laurel wand.

On the left foot (by which I found  
His name was on the stage renown'd)  
A sock of curious shape he wore,  
With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;  
A purple buskin graced the right,  
And strong he stepp'd, yet lovely light.

' Thy friendly care, (he cried) I crave,  
To give me quiet in my grave:  
Tryphon constrains me from the dead,  
A wizard whom I hate and dread;  
By him to dangle on a post,  
I'm conjured up—" Alas, poor ghost!"  
A pendulum I there am made,  
To move the leaden wheels of trade.  
And while each little author struts  
In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;  
I, vouching, pass them off as dear  
As any staple-classic ware.  
Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,  
Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;  
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,  
Chuckles to see them grow polite.

' For ends thus infamously low,  
It sure would seem as a-propos,  
For Dennis at his door to stand,  
With a good broomstick in his hand.  
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,  
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiss  
Might have his better parts employ'd,  
To criticise them back and side.

' Or is there none of all his race,  
Whose features would a sign-board grace?  
Oft in the wizard's cell I've seen  
A sorrel man, of awkward mien,

Prying with busy leer about,  
 As if he were the devil's scout.  
 I ne'er was versed in modish vice,  
 But sure those whoreson gloating eyes  
 Have travell'd much on love affairs,  
 Between the keyhole and the stairs.  
 O cheat the gibbet of a sign,  
 And with his head commute for mine.

' When first I heard his damn'd intent,  
 To Tryphon's bed by night I went;  
 Where he lay bless'd with dreams of gain,  
 Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.  
 I roused the wretch, and, weeping, said,  
 " O ! take my wit, and spare my head,  
 Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,  
 Just as of old they used Priapus."  
 But as a whelp starts up with fear,  
 When a bee's humming at his ear :  
 With upper lip elate, he grins,  
 Whilst round the little teaser spins ;  
 But when aloof in air it soars,  
 He straight forgets the' alarm, and snores :  
 So did his fellow-creature slight  
 The fleeting vision of the night.  
 My prayers were lost, though, while I stay'd,  
 I smelt they strong impressions made.

' There is a knight, who takes the field  
 With Saxon pen, and sable shield ;  
 Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,  
 And disenchant me from the post.  
 Then I could rest as still as those  
 Whom he has drugg'd to sure repose ;  
 As if he traded in the whole,  
 And with the body kill'd the soul.

To him for aid with speed repair—  
“ But soft ! I scent the morning air : ”  
Be mindful of my piteous plight,  
And to my cause engage the knight.’

Now, gentle sir, give ear to me,  
For I prescribe without a fee ;  
From Curll’s remove the seat of war,  
Encamp on the’ other side the Bar :  
Level your eye at Tryphon’s shop,  
Another epic at him pop ;  
What though without report it move,  
Like the sure darts of Death or Love ?  
I know your powder is so strong,  
No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic this oppose  
The volley of your verse and prose ;  
I’ll be your squire, and firm ally,  
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy ;  
Not all the necromancer’s art  
Will save it then, beshrew his heart !  
What can support a shop, or sign,  
When two such perilous wits combine ?

THE  
**ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.**  
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.  
IN MILTON'S STYLE.

---

To the' Orphean lyre,  
He sung of Chaos and eternal night ;  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard, and rare.

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

---

WHEN speeding seaward, to the fleet we came  
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship  
Into the sacred deep : the mast uprear'd  
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard  
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend  
The vessel, inly grieved, and silent showers  
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind  
Circe the fair, of human race divine,  
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar  
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale sufficed  
Each bellying canvass. On with speed we fare  
Prosperous; and when the sun, careering prone,  
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade  
Sabled the pole, we, tilting o'er the waves

On Ocean's utmost bound, approach'd the realms  
Unbless'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;  
(A lamentable race !) of heavenly light  
Unvisited, and the sun's gladsome ray.  
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach,  
We take the destined sheep, and slow sojourn  
Along the marish, till the fated place  
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.  
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard  
The holy offerings ; I meantime unsheathe  
My falchion, and prepare to' entrench the ground  
A cubit square, and there oblations pour  
To reconcile the shades ; infusing milk  
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must  
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store  
Of water ; and with flower of wheat bestrow  
The mix'd ingredients : to the feeble ghosts  
Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land  
Should favour my return, a barren cow  
Of stateliest growth ; and to the oraculous seer<sup>1</sup>  
A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride  
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd,  
And vows preferr'd, the destined sheep I slew :  
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharged  
The hollow'd trench ; when, lo ! from the dun  
verge  
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop  
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature  
Cropp'd in their spring, who, wandering pensive,  
wail'd  
The shortness of their date : trembling, and hoar

<sup>1</sup> Tiresias.

With age, some slowly pace ; others, more fierce,  
Array'd in arms, ensanguined o'er with wounds  
Received in battle, clamorous approach  
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale  
I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch  
Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam  
To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides  
The regency of night : sudden I waved  
My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool  
Driving the unbodied host that round me swarm'd ;  
Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw  
The oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd  
Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse  
We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,  
Unwept, unburied, eager to pursue  
Our voyage : straight to tender pity moved,  
With words dissolved in tears, I cried, ' Relate,  
Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd  
Sooner than I full-sail'd.' He thus reply'd,  
In accents of much dolour : ' Me, O king !  
The minister of adverse Fate,-malign'd,  
Unweeting of mishap ; and wrought my doom,  
Drench'd with excess of wine ; prone from the top  
Of Circe's tower I fell, and, the neck-bones  
Disjointing, died. But to your pious care  
Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names  
Of parent, wife, and son, (though distant, dear  
To your remembrance) when you reascend  
To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains  
Discharge funereal rites ; nor let me lie  
Unwept, unburied there, lest Heaven avenge  
The dire neglect. While the devouring flames  
Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile

My armour cast complete ; then raise a tomb  
For my memorial on the foamy strand ;  
And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd  
With my associates.' Pensive I rejoin,  
' Poor shade ! I'll pay the decent rites you crave.'

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd  
Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel  
Guarding the gory pool, I through the obscure  
My mother view'd : her lineage she derived  
From Maia's wingy son, and ceased to breathe  
This vital air, since I my legion led  
To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes  
Abundant sorrow stream'd ; but though regret  
Wither'd my resolution, from the pool  
I made the dear maternal form recede,  
Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer  
The sum of fate. The sage at length advanced,  
Bearing a golden sceptre, and began :

' Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire  
Compel your progress from the all-cheering sun,  
And heavenly azure, in this seat of woe  
To roam among the dead ? But from the pool  
Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste  
That bloody beverage, then the Fates' decree  
Instant I'll utter.' Sudden I withdrew,  
Sheathing my falchion, whilst he drank the gore ;  
Then thus the seer pronounced the Fates' decree  
' What means may best befit your wish'd return,  
Illustrious Greek ! you'd know. The sovereign  
power,  
Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,

Insidious waits a time to wreak revenge  
For Polypheme, his son ; whose visual orb  
You late eclipsed with ever-during shade.  
Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid  
Disasters various, if your mates refrain  
From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread  
Trinacria's herby soil : for there the flocks  
And herbs of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn  
Browze fattening pasture (he, the world's greateye,  
Views all below his orient beam, nor aught  
Can shun his wakeful ear) with evil hand  
If them they seize, unerring I foretell  
An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm,  
Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulf'd  
Shall perish with her crew : you shall regain  
The dry, without surviving friend to cheer  
Your pilgrim-steps : however, late and hard,  
You shall revisit your loved natal shore,  
Transported in a vessel not your own.  
Much of domestic damage, and misrule,  
Will sadden your return ; for in your court  
Suitors voluptuous swarm ; with amorous wiles  
Studiois to win your consort, and seduce  
Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,  
In bridal pomp ; vain efforts ! but they soon  
By stratagem, or our puissant arm,  
To ruin are foredoom'd. Then to a race  
Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt  
Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd  
Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,  
And all her tackle trim, with speed repair,  
Carrying a taper oar ; wayfaring thus,  
One journeying obvious will misname that oar

A corn van ; fix it there, and victims slay  
 To Neptune reverent ; from the fleecy fold  
 A ram select ; and from the beeves and swine,  
 The choicest male entire, of either herd.  
 Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare  
 For the bright order of the gods, who reign  
 Sphered in empyreal splendours. White with years,  
 The balm of life evaporating slow,  
 At length, when Neptune points the dart of death<sup>2</sup>,  
 Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land  
 With fair abundance bless'd. In these fix'd laws  
 Of Fate repose affiance, and beware.'

I thus replied : ' In this authentic will  
 Of Fate, O seer ! I acquiesce ; but lo !  
 Pensive and silent, by the gory pool,  
 Abides my mother's shade ; nor me vouchsafes  
 Language or look benign : Oh ! tell me how  
 She here may recognize me.' He rejoin'd :  
 ' Whatever ghost, by your permission, sips  
 That sacred purple, will to all your quest  
 Without deceit reply : the rest withdraw  
 At your stern interdict.' This said, the seer  
 To the high capital of Dis retired.  
 Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade  
 Had sip'd the sacred purple ; then her son  
 Instant she knew, and, wailing, thus began :  
 ' My son ! how reach'd you these Tartarean  
 bounds,  
 Corporeal ? Many a river interfused,  
 And gulfs unvoyageable, from access  
 Debar each living wight ; besides the' expanse

<sup>2</sup> He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.

Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy,  
With your associate peers, but now return'd,  
Erroneous, from your wife and kingdom still ?'

I thus : ' By strong necessity constrain'd,  
Down to these nether realms I have presumed  
An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclosed  
By sage Tiresias ; for since I led  
Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagued  
To war on Ilium, traversing the main  
Through various perils, I have voyaged far  
Estranged from Greece. But say by what disease,  
By slow consumption, through the gates of Death  
Prone did you pass ; or, by Diana's dart  
Transfix'd, a sudden fate ? My hoary sire !  
Survives he ? Is my bloomy son possess'd  
Of my domain, or groans it now beneath  
Usurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,  
Thoughtless of my return ! My consort dear !  
Abides she with my son, of all his rights  
A guardian regent ; or, no longer mine,  
Hath she been won to plight connubial vows ?

The venerable shade thus answer'd mild :  
' Still in your regal dome your spouse abides  
Disconsolate, with everflowing eyes,  
Wailing your absence ; and your son possess'd  
Of principality, with his compeers,  
Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains  
Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,  
Far from the cheerful steps of men, your sire  
Lives inconsolable ; on gorgeous beds,  
With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,  
No more indulging sweet repose ; but clad  
In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds,

On the warm hearth he sleeps, when Winter reigns  
Inclement, till the circling Months return  
New-robed in flowering verdure : then, the vines  
High interwove a green pavilion form,  
Where, pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you  
Nocturnal ; to the' unfriendly damp of age  
Adding corrosive anguish and despair.  
So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile !  
Me nor the silver-shafted goddess slew,  
Nor racking malady, but anxious love  
Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,  
And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.'

She ceased : I thrice, with filial fondness, strove  
To embrace the much-loved form, and thrice it fled,  
Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief  
Heart-chill'd, I spake : ' Why, mother, will you fly  
Your son's encircling arms ? O here permit  
My dutious love, and let our sorrows flow  
Mingling in one full stream ! Or has the queen,  
Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe,  
A guileful image form'd ? She thus replies :  
' Of all mankind, O most to grief inured !  
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain  
Is here intended, but the essence pure  
Of separate souls is of all living touch  
Impassive : here no gross material frame  
We wear, with flesh encumber'd, nerves, and bone ;  
They're calcined on the pile : but when we cease  
To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing  
Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross  
Disparted and refined. Now to the realms  
Illumined with the sun's enlivening beam  
Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear  
Disclose the secrets of our state below.'

Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train  
Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarged  
By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives  
To kings and heroes old : the gory pool  
The fair assembly thick surround, to sip  
The tasteful liquid : I the fates of each  
Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword  
In airy circles, while they singly sate  
Their appetites ; then curious ask of each  
Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair  
Of great Salmoneus ; she with Cretheus shared  
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom  
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pined :  
Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn  
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form  
Neptune assumed, and the bright nymph beguiled,  
Wandering, love-pensive, near his amber stream :  
Then, plunging in the slopy flood, received  
Redounding ; and, to screen his amorous theft,  
On either side the parted waves uprear'd  
A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,  
And sated, thus he spake : ' Hail, royal fair !  
Thy womb shall teem with twins, (a god's embrace  
Is ever fruitful) and those pledges dear  
Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend  
With a fond mother's care : hence homeward speed,  
And from all human ken our amorous act  
Conceal : so Neptune bids thee now farewell.'  
He ceased, and, diving sudden, was ingulf'd  
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons  
The appointed months discharged, by supreme  
Jove

Both sceptred. Peleus first ; his empire wide  
Stretch'd o'er Iölcos, whose irriguous vales  
His grazing folds o'erfleeced ; her younger birth,  
Neleus, was honour'd through the sandy realm  
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espoused,  
A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore ;  
And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds  
Oft disarray'd the foes in battle ranged.

The daughter of Asopus next I view'd,  
Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove  
Impregnate, had the famed Amphion borne,  
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,  
Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd strong  
Against invading powers. Alcmena fair,  
Amphitryon's consort, then advanced to view ;  
To Heaven's supreme who bore Alcides, bold  
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade  
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,  
By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds  
The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd  
By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd  
Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed,  
He having too (ill-starr'd !) destroy'd his sire,  
His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,  
Blinded by Destiny ; but the just gods  
Disclosed the unnatural scene. In Thebes he  
sway'd,  
With various ills by Heaven's afflictive rod  
Discomfited ; but she, through fell despair,  
Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life  
Fled to the shades, and her surviving son  
With delegated furies fierce pursued.  
An amiable image next appear'd ;

Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem  
The youngest bud : in sweet attractive pomp,  
On her the Graces ever waiting smit  
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes  
Homaged with fealty : from their wedded love  
Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful power  
Of Periclymenus ; besides a nymph,  
Pero, of form divine : her virgin vows  
By many a prince were sought, but Neleus deign'd  
To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm  
Should force from Phylace a furious herd  
Of wild Thessalian beeves, to' avenge the dower  
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise  
A seer accepted ; but, in combat foil'd,  
In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,  
Deep in a dungeon close immured, till found  
Divine of fate, by solving problems quaint  
Which Iphiclus proposed, who straight dismiss'd  
The captive ; so was Jove's high will complete.

Then Leda, spoused by Tyndarus, I saw,  
Mother of the famed twins, Castor expert  
To tame the steed, and Pollux far renown'd  
On listed fields for conflict ; who from Jove  
Received a grateful boon like gods to live,  
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife  
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compress'd  
By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)  
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates  
Cut short in early prime : their infant years,  
Nurtured by Earth, enormous both attain'd  
Gigantic stature, and for manly grace  
Were next Orion rank'd ; for in the course

Of nine swift circling years, nine cubits broad  
Their shoulders measured, and nine ells their height.  
Improvident of soul, they vainly dared  
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar  
Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion piled,  
Torn from the base with all its woods ; by scale  
To assault Heaven's battlements ; and had their  
date

To manhood been prolonged, had sure achieved  
Their ruinous aim : but by the silver dart  
Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down  
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expired.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,  
And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd  
In goddess-like demeanour ; from her sire  
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,  
Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent  
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign :  
But stern Diana, by the guileful plea  
Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,  
And caused the lovely nymph to fall forlorn  
In Dia, with circumfluous seas engirt,  
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance  
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair ;  
And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms  
A cloud of sorrow dimm'd ; for she, devoid  
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—

Here let me cease narration, nor relate  
What other objects fair, daughters and wives  
Of heroes old, I saw ; for now the night  
In clouded majesty has journey'd far,  
Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,  
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves ;

Meantime affianced in the gods and you,  
To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceased : awhile the attentive audience sat  
In silent rapture ; his persuasive tongue,  
Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd  
Their still insatiate ears ; at length thus spake  
The queen Arete, graceful and humane : \*

' Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,  
The port, the wisdom, of this wanderer, claim  
Aught of regard ? Peculiar him my guest  
I style ; but since the honour he vouchsafes,  
Delighted ye partake, give not too soon  
Him signal of departure, but prepare,  
With no penurious hand, proportion'd gifts,  
Vieing in bounteous deeds, since Heaven hath  
shower'd

Your peerage with abundant favours boon.'

Up rose Echeneus then, whose wavy locks,  
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,  
Fraught with maturest counsel, and began  
Addressing his compeers : ' Rightful and wise  
The queen's proposal is, let none demur  
Obedience to her will : Aleinus best,  
By fair ensample, may prescribe the rule.'  
Alcinous from his bed of state replied,  
With aspect bland : ' While here I lie enthroned,  
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand  
Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer  
The erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts  
Of regal bounty ; but our princely guest  
Must, though impatient, for a time defer  
His voyage, that with due munificence  
Our gifts may be prepared : let all accord,

Benevolent, and free to furnish stores,  
Worthy acceptance ; me you shall confess  
The first in bounty, as the first in power.'

He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe :  
' O thou, by kingly virtues justly raised  
To this imperial eminence ! By thee  
Were I detain'd, till the revolving sun  
Completes his annual circle, in thy will  
I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores  
For my return be raised : then at my realm,  
With royal largesses arriving graced,  
And gay retinue, straight the wondering Greeks  
Will dear respect and prompter homage yield.'

To whom Alcinous : ' Your distinguish'd worth  
Too plain is character'd in all your port,  
To doubt you of those vagrant clans, who roam  
Fallacious, and with copious legend take  
The credulous ear ; you, with severest truth,  
Robed in rich eloquence, instruct and please,  
When (like some bard, versed in heroic theme  
Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell  
Whate'er in Grecian story was of old  
Recorded eminent, or when you speak  
Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed,  
Say, affable, if while you low sojourn'd  
In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades  
Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell  
By doom of battle ; for the lingering night  
Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour  
Of sleep is far to come : I can attend,  
With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale  
Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn  
Purples the east.' Ulysses thus replied :

' Due time, O king, for converse and repose,  
Is still remaining ; nor will I refuse,  
With coy denial, what the sacred ear  
Of majesty with audience deigns to grace.  
Hear next how my associate warriors fell,  
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd,  
In their own realms, by feminine deceit,  
To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.'

When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,  
The lady-train dispersed, the pensive form  
Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt,  
Whom, in one common fate involved, of life  
Ægysthus had bereaved. Sipping the gore,  
He recognized me instant, and outstretch'd  
His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now  
Of all their vital vigour ; with shrill plaints,  
Piercing the doleful region far : mine eyes,  
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,  
Effused a flood of tears, while thus I spake :

' O king of hosts ! O ever-honour'd son  
Of Atreus ! say to what severe decree  
Of Destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath  
Tempesting the' ocean, did you there expire,  
Whelm'd in the watery abyss ? Or fell you arm'd,  
Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,  
To ravage herds and flocks ; or in assault  
Of some imperial fortress, thence to win  
Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain  
Defeated of your seizure ? ' He replied :

' I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath  
Whelm'd in the ocean wave ; nor died in arms,  
Heroic deeds attempting : but received  
From base Ægysthus, and my baser queen,

Irreparable doom, whilst I partook  
Refreshment, and at supper jovial sat,  
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,  
**A death most lamentable ! Round me lay**  
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,  
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board  
Of some luxurious noble, or devote  
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields  
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,  
And in fierce tournament : yet had it quell'd  
Your best of man to view us on the floor  
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,  
And ponderous vases bruised, while human gore  
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries  
Cassandra pierced my ear, whom at my side  
False Clytemnestra slew : to avenge her wrong,  
I with a dying grasp my sabre seized,  
But the cursed assassin withdrew, nor closed  
My lips and eyes. O woman ! woman ! none  
Of Nature's savage train have less remorse  
In perpetrating crimes ; to kill her mate,  
What beast was e'er accomplice ! I return'd,  
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy  
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,  
And court retinue ; but my traitress wife  
On female honour hath diffused a stain  
Indelible ; and her pernicious arts,  
Recorded for reproach on all the sex,  
Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame.'

I answer'd, 'O ye powers ! by women's wiles  
Jove works sure bane to all the' imperial race  
Of Atreus still : for Helen's vagrant lust  
Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell  
By your adulteress !' Plaintive he replied :

' By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith  
 Unbosom nought momentous ; though she peal  
 Your ear, (by nature importune to know)  
 Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,  
 Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills  
 Will meditate for you by force or guile :  
 Her, when we led the' embattled Greeks to Troy,  
 We left in blooming beauty fresh ; your son  
 Then hanging on her breast ; who now to man  
 Full grown, with men associates ; your approach  
 With rapture he will meet, and glad his sire  
 With filial duty dear ! a bliss to me  
 Not deign'd ! my son I saw not ere I fell  
 A victim to my wife : then, timely warn'd,  
 Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd  
 For your return to Greece. But say sincere,  
 Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,  
 In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle ;  
 Or with my brother lives he more secure  
 In spacious Sparta ? for of this dark realm  
 He's not inhabitant.' I thus rejoin'd :

' Vain is your quest, Atrides ; whether Fate  
 Permits your son to draw the breath of Heaven,  
 Friendly to life ; or whether in these shades  
 He roams a ghost, I know not ; nor with speech,  
 False or ambiguous, will beguile your ear.'

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffused with  
 tears  
 Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,  
 With his associates most in life beloved,  
 Faithful Patroclus, and the' egregious<sup>4</sup> son

<sup>4</sup> Antilochus.

Of Nestor, great in arms ; with them (conjoin'd  
In amicable converse, e'en by death  
Uncancell'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade  
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adown'd  
And prowess ; paragon'd for both to none  
But great Achilles : me the goddess-born  
Eyed curious, and at length thus sad began :

‘ What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert  
Of warlike machinations ; what emprise  
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt  
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,  
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode ?

‘ O peerless chief, (I cried) of all the Greeks  
The foremost name ! I hither am constrain'd,  
From the wise Theban oracle, to hear  
Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe  
My native realm ; by rigid Fate repell'd,  
I'm exiled yet, with troops of various ills  
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth  
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief  
With choicer blessings than the eye of Time  
Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold :  
On Earth you equal honours with the gods  
From us received ; nor by the stroke of Fate  
Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme  
Reign o'er the shades.’ He solemn sad replied :

‘ Reign here supreme ! deem not thy eloquence  
Can aught console my doom : rather on earth  
A village slave I'd be, than titled here  
Imperial and august. But say me true,  
Or did my son illustrate his descent  
First in the files of war ; or fled he pale  
A recreant from the fight ? Do all our tribes

In Phthia still revere my father's throne;  
Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,  
A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm  
To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst,  
Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains  
With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heaven  
restore

The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge  
His injured age, and reassert his claim.'

He ceasing, I replied: ' Of Peleus' state  
Fame hath to me been silent; but attend,  
While I the' achievements of thy glorious son  
Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy,  
From Scyros o'er the Ægean, safe I bore,  
To join the embattled Greeks: whene'er we sat  
In council, to mature some high design,  
First of the peerage with persuasive speech  
His sentence he disclosed, by all confess'd  
The third from Nestor. But whene'er we moved  
In battailous array, and the shrill clang  
Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides,  
Advancing in the van, the foremost chief,  
Pierced through the adverse legions, nor was  
deem'd

Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,  
Which in his country's cause the youth achieved,  
Were long to tell; but by his javelin died  
Euryalus, of all the auxiliary bands  
Famed after Memnon first; with many a peer  
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.

' When in the wooden horse by Epeus form'd,  
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale  
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops

Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode  
Undaunted, undismay'd ; no chilling doubt  
Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear  
Coursed from its crystal sluice, but, grasping fierce  
His spear and falchion, for the combat grew  
Impatient, menacing decisive route  
To Troy's opponent powers ; and when the height  
Of Ilion had received the final stroke  
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,  
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,  
Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him  
Mars

With tenfold rage oft made the battle burn.'

I ended : joy ineffable possess'd  
The great paternal shade ; his steps he raised  
With more majestic portance o'er the mead,  
Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear  
His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await,  
Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear  
Calamitous and sad ! From these apart  
The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd  
In contest for Achilles' arms, abode  
Sullen with treasured wrath ; the fatal strife  
By Thetis was proposed, and every judge  
Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declared  
The prize of right. O ! why was I constrain'd  
By honour to prevail, and cause to die  
Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,  
And prowess ; paragon'd for both to none  
But the great son of Peleus ! Him with speech,  
Lenient of wrath, I thus accosted mild :  
‘ Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface

The memory of those arms, which Heaven decreed  
Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee  
Their power of strong defence: to mourn thy fall  
The voice of Grief along the tented shore  
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,  
Divine Achilles, died: nor deem that aught  
Of human interposed to urge thy doom,  
But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,  
Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade!  
Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe  
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.'

Vain was my suit! for with the' unbodied troop  
Of spectres, fleeting to the' interior shade  
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech  
Disdain'd reply; yet to that dark recess  
Had I pursued his flight, he must have borne  
Unwilling correspondence, forced by Fate,  
Impassion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,  
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw, with golden sceptre grave,  
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts  
Dispensing equity; with faded looks  
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd  
Frequent and full, and argued each his cause  
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd  
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size  
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace  
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit  
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,  
While habitant of Earth, whose grisly forms  
He urged in chase the flowery mead along.

Nor unobserved lay stretch'd upon the marble  
Tityus, Earth-born, whose body, long and large,

Cover'd nine acres : there two vultures sat,  
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks  
For ravine bent, unintermitting gored  
His liver, powerless he to put to flight  
The fierce devourers ! to this penance judged  
For rape intended on Latona fair,  
The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd  
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns ;  
Delicious landscape !—In a limpid lake  
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides :  
Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought  
Incessant pines, while ever as he bows  
To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst  
The guileful water glides. Around the pool  
Fruit-trees of various kinds unbrageous spread  
Their pamper'd boughs : the racy olive green,  
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,  
The luscious fig sky-dyed, the tasteful pear  
Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet  
In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,  
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope  
Of food ambrosial :—when he tries to seize  
The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust  
Whirls it aloof amid the' incumbent gloom.

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,  
Drew my regard ; he, with distended nerves,  
A ponderous stone rolls up a rugged rock ;  
Urged up the steep cliff, slow with hand and foot  
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,  
Precipitous adown the slopy side  
The rapid orb devolving back, renewes  
Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,  
And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd  
Of Hercules, a shadowy form ; for he,  
The real son of Jove, in Heaven's high court  
Abides, associate with the gods, and shares  
Celestial banquets ; where, with soft disport  
Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome  
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang  
Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing  
Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,  
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow  
In act to let the' aerial arrow fly.  
Athwart his breast a military zone  
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold  
Grim woodland savages, with various scenes  
Of war, fierce-jousting knights, and havoc dire,  
With matchless art portray'd : me straight he  
knew,  
And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus :  
‘ O exercised in grief, illustrious son  
Of good Laertes, famed for warlike wiles !  
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breathed  
Etherial draught) beneath unnumber'd toils  
To groan oppress'd : even I, the seed of Jove,  
Combated various ills, and was adjudged  
By an inferior wretch (what could he more ?)  
To drag to light the triple-crested dog  
That guards hell's massy portal : I achieved  
The task enjoin'd, through the propitious aid  
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsafed  
Their friendly guidance.’ Then, without reply,  
To Pluto's court majestic he retired.  
Meantime for others of heroic note  
I waited in the lists of ancient Fame

Enroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen  
Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,  
The race of gods; but at the hideous scream  
Of spectres issuing from the dark profound  
I wax'd infirm of purpose, sore dismay'd,  
Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd  
With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm  
Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ship  
Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates  
To shove from shore: joyous they straight began  
To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,  
Till the fresh gales relieved the labouring oar.

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### THE WIDOW'S WILE.

#### A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to state the case)  
Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?  
With the rich flavour of Tokay  
Allured, about the brim they play;  
They light, they murmur, then begin  
To lick, and so at length slip in;  
Embracing close the couple lies,  
Together dip, together rise;  
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive  
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,  
Attend the matrimonial state;  
When sacred vows are bought and sold,  
And hearts are tied with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who ('tis averred  
By Fame) was born without a beard :  
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,  
That (guarded with uncommon care)  
Her virtue might remain at ten  
Impregnable to boys or men.  
But from that era we'll proceed,  
To find her in a widow's weed ;  
Which, all Love's chronicles agree,  
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three ;  
For an old sot she call'd her mate,  
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.  
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,  
Had no more appetites to please ;  
That which provokes wild girls to wed,  
Fie !—It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smiled,  
And gave the pair a chopping child ;  
Entitled by the law to claim  
Her husband's chattels, and his name :  
But was so like his mother ! She  
The queen of love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair, for spouse deceased,  
Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least ;  
And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,  
Which had lain dead full many a day.  
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,  
To a dark room by custom chain'd ;  
And not a male, for love or gold,  
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,  
Ask leave to air ; she gives consent  
(For health is riches to the poor) :  
But Tom must stay to guard the door.

In reading Sherlock she'd employ  
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coast is clear,  
Her spirits mantle and career,  
Diffusing ardour through her mien ;  
Pity they should condense to spleen !  
But now by honour she's confined,  
Who flutter'd once as free as wind :  
And on a masquerading morn  
By six securely could return ;  
Having, to seal him safe till nine,  
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.  
This the gay world no worse would hold,  
Than had she only changed his gold :  
The species answer'd all demands,  
And only pass'd through other hands.  
But Honour now prescribes the law,  
The tyrant keeps her will in awe ;  
For charity forbid to roam,  
And not a chitterling at home.  
What ! a large stomach, and no meat !  
In pity, Love, provide a treat ;  
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,  
Like hags on visionary dishes ?  
Impossible ! Through walls of stone  
Hunger will break, to suck a bone.  
Want, oft in times of old, we read,  
Made mothers on their infants feed ;  
And now constrain'd this matron mild  
To grow hard-hearted to her child.  
Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;  
In haste the favourite footman's call'd,  
To pacify the peevish chit ;  
For who but he could do thefeat ?

He, smarting sore, refused to play ;  
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.  
She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame  
By various signs that want a name.  
The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,  
Gay humour dancing in her eye ;  
And straight, with equal fury fired,  
Began the' attack ; the dame retired ;  
And haply falling as she fled,  
He beat her till she lay for dead ;  
But (with new vigour for the strife)  
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,  
For what the naughty man had done ?  
She did ; yet, spited with his pain,  
He sounds the' alarm to charge again.  
But, squire, consult your potent ally,  
Who's yet prepared to rally—  
Ye hot on either side ;  
An it must be tried.  
She oe could no more,  
st atta e ;  
mali  
Come ase the child.'

## A-LA-MODE.

‘ My better self, my heaven, my joy !  
While thus imparadised I lie,  
Transported in thy circling arms  
With fresh variety of charms ;  
From Fate I scarce can think to crave  
A bliss, but what in thee I have.  
Twelve months, my dear, have pass’d, since thou  
Didst plight to me thy virgin vow ;  
Twelve months in rapture spent ! for they  
Seem shorter than St. Lucy’s day :  
A bright example we shall prove  
Of lasting matrimonial love.

‘ Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant,  
(The only favour that I want)  
That I may not survive, to see  
My happiness expire with thee.  
O ! should I lose my dearest dear,  
By thee, and all that’s good, I swear,  
I’d give myself the fatal blow,  
And wait thee to the world below.’

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed  
Spoke the best things he e’er had read ;  
Madam, surprised, (you must suppose it)  
Had lock’d a Templar in the closet ;  
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,  
To play at piquet, and so forth—  
This wag, when he had heard the whole,  
Demurely to the curtain stole,

And, peeping in, with solemn tone  
 Cried out, ‘ O man ! thy days are done ;  
 The gods are fearful of the worst,  
 And send me, Death, to fetch thee first ;  
 To save their favourite from self-murder,  
 Lo ! thus I execute their order.’  
 ‘ Hold, sir ! for second thoughts are best,  
 (The husband cried) : ‘ Tis my request,  
 With pleasure to prolong my life.’  
 ‘ Your meaning ?—‘ Pray, sir, take my wife.’

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## SAPPHO TO PHAON.

## A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,  
 Before the whole is read, the writer’s hand ?  
 And could you guess from whom this letter came ?  
 Before you saw it sign’d with Sappho’s name ?  
 Don’t wonder, since I’m form’d for lyrics, why  
 The strain is turn’d to plaintive elegy ;  
 I mourn my slighted love ; alas ! my lute,  
 And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.  
 I’m scorch’d, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,  
 When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.  
 To flaming Ætna Phaon’s pleased to roam,  
 But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.

No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,  
 Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.  
 No more I court the nymphs I once caress’d,  
 But Phaon rules unrivall’d in my breast.

Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy ;  
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy !  
Enslaved to those enchanting looks, that wear  
The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air ;  
Assume the garb of either god, in thee  
We every grace of either god may see ;  
Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,  
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms ;  
Though neither nymph was famed for wit, to move,  
With melting airs, the rigid soul to love.  
To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,  
And my soft numbers glow with warm desire ;  
Alcæus and myself alike she crown'd,  
For softness I, and he for strength, renown'd.  
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious Fate denies,  
But wit my want of beauty well supplies :  
My shape, I own, is short, but yet my name  
Is far diffused, and fills the voice of Fame.  
If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore  
The swarthy graces of the royal Moor<sup>1</sup> :  
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,  
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind :  
But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites,  
Till one as charming as yourself invites,  
None of our sex can ever bless your bed ;  
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.  
Yet, when you read my verse, you liked each  
line,  
And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine ;  
I sang (that pleasing image still is plain,  
Such tender things we lovers long retain !)  
And ever when the warbling notes I raised,  
You with fierce kisses stifled what you praised.

<sup>1</sup> Andromeda.

Some winning grace in every act you found,  
But in full tides of ecstasy were drown'd;  
When murmuring in the melting joys of love,  
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:  
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore  
The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:  
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he  
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:  
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm  
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.

O, aid thy poetess, great queen of love,  
Auspicious to my growing passion prove!  
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,  
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.  
Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,  
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:  
My brother, in a strumpet's vile embrace,  
Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,  
And, doom'd to traffic, on the main is toss'd,  
Winning, with danger, what with shame he lost;  
And vows revenge on me, who dared to blame  
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:  
And then (as if the woes I bore beside  
Were yet too light) my little daughter died.  
But after all these pangs of sorrow pass'd,  
A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!  
No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear;  
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;  
No golden threads the wavy locks enwreath,  
Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:  
Why should I put such gay allurements on,  
Now he, the darling of my soul is gone?  
Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,  
And he who gave the wound deserves my heart

My fate is fix'd, for sure the Fates decreed  
That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.  
By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,  
In vain I call my reason to my aid;  
The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,  
But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart  
Flames so resistless to a woman's heart?  
Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seized  
Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleased:  
Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,  
For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;  
Venus would bear him to her bower above,  
But there she dreads a rival in his love.  
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,  
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!  
Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,  
Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:  
While this I ask, (but ask, I fear, in vain)  
See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least, why would you not vouchsafe to show  
A kind regret, and say, ' My dear, adieu !'  
Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear;  
My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:  
My wrongs, too safely treasured in my mind,  
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;  
Nor could I make my last desire to thee,  
Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.  
But, gods ! when first the killing news I heard,  
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd !  
Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,  
My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.  
But when my sense was waken'd to despair,  
I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair:

As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,  
When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.  
Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,  
With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:  
‘ Poor soul! (he cries), I doubt she grows sincere;  
Her daughter is return’d to life, I fear.’  
Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal  
The love so long I labour’d to conceal.  
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world to me;  
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:  
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,  
By sleep his image to my bed is brought:  
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,  
Anon I think my arms encircle thine:  
Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,  
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:  
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are press’d:  
And then! ah then!—I blush to write the rest.  
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,  
And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:  
With life alone my lingering love must end,  
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,  
And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit:  
In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;  
The caves and groves afford me no relief.  
Frantic I rove, disorder’d with despair,  
And to the winds unbind my scatter’d hair.  
I find the shades, which to our joys were kind,  
But my false Phaon there no more I find;  
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,  
But now his absence withers all the scene:  
There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,  
Where side by side we once together lay:

I fall where thy forsaken print appears,  
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.  
The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,  
These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing :  
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone  
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan ;  
Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,  
While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring  
Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring :  
The trees that on the shady margin grow,  
Are green above, the banks are green below :  
Here, while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,  
Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say :  
' Fly, Sappho, fly ! to cure this deep despair,  
To the Leucadian rock in haste repair ;  
High on whose hoary top an awful fane,  
To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.  
This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,  
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ;  
Into the waves, as holy rites require,  
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire :  
Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,  
And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.  
Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,  
Precipitate thyself into the seas.'

This said, she disappear'd. I, deadly wan,  
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran :  
' I fly, ye nymphs, I fly ! though fear assail  
The woman, yet the lover must prevail.  
In death what terrors can deserve my care ?  
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.  
Ye winds, and, Cupid, thou, to meet my fall,  
Your downy pinions spread ! my weight is small.'

Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,  
Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow :  
‘ To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute ;  
The gift did both the god and giver suit.’

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,  
When thy return would soon complete the cure ?  
Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be  
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.  
O harder than the rock to which I go,  
And deafer than the waves that war below !  
Think yet, oh think ! shall future ages tell  
That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell !  
Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast  
Bruised on the clift, than close to Phaon's press'd ?  
This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,  
You made me once believe you did admire ?  
O could it now supply me with address  
To plead my cause, and court thee with success !  
But mighty woes my genius quite control,  
And damp the rising vigour of my soul :  
No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,  
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.  
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,  
(Ah ! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)  
Phaon is fled ! but bring the youth again,  
Inspiring ardours will revive my vein.  
But why, alas ! this unavailing prayer ?  
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air :  
My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,  
But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.  
Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong  
To let your mistress languish here so long :  
Venus for your fair voyage will compose  
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :

Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,  
Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.  
But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,  
If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,  
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore  
That object, which her hourly vows implore ;  
'Twill be compassion now to' avow your hate !  
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate !  
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,  
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair :  
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try ;  
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

## PHAON TO SAPPHO.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little father account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with ; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper in the following epistle.

---

I SOON perceived from whence your letter came,  
Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name :  
Such tender thoughts, in such a flowing verse,  
Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse ;  
Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,  
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms !

With such concern your passion I survey,  
As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea ;  
I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,  
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.  
What can I more than wish ? for who can free  
The wretched from the woe the gods decree ?  
With generous pity I'll repay your flame  
Pity ! 'tis what deserves a softer name :  
Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove  
To sooth a tempest, as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue ?  
I want, alas ! a greater cure than you :

Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,  
While for his help the feverish patient cries :  
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,  
And, listening while my woes I here relate,  
Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,  
Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes ;  
Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove,  
Whose crime and punishment is slighted love ;  
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,  
A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Malea born, my race unknown to Fame,  
With oars I ply'd ; Colymbus was my name ;  
A name that from the diving birds I bore,  
Which seek their fishy food along the shore.  
One summer eve in port I left my sail,  
And with my partners sought a neighbouring vale ;  
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay  
Their floral honours to the queen of May.  
At first their various charms my choice confuse,  
For what is choice where each is fit to choose ?  
But Love or Fate at length my bosom fired  
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attired ;  
A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn  
Sat to the setting sun from dewy dawn ;  
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams  
In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.  
I whisper love ; she flies ; I still pursue,  
To press her to the joy she never knew :  
And while I speak the virgin blushes spread  
Her damask beauty with a warmer red.  
I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud  
Venus, to' attest the solemn faith I vow'd ;  
Invoking all the radiant lights above,  
(But most the lamp, that lights the realm of love)

No more to guide me with their friendly rays,  
But leave my ship to perish on the seas,  
If the dear charmer ever chanced to find  
My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when her lover swears,  
And think his faith more real than her fears.  
The careful shepherdess secured her flocks  
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,  
Yet fell herself an undefended prey  
To one more cruel and more false than they.  
The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,  
Safe in the friendly silence of the Moon ;  
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,  
Beneath a shade of flowers, in transport lay :  
I rose, and, softly sighing, view'd her o'er ;  
How changed, I thought, from what she was  
Yet still repeated (eager to be gone) [before !  
My former pledges, with a fainter tone,  
And promised quick return : the pensive fair  
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care ;  
While I resolved to quit my native shore,  
Never to see the late loved Malea more.

Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,  
To bear my vessel and my vows away ;  
With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,  
And leave the length of Lesbos all behind :  
Far distant from my Malean love at last,  
(Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)  
I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,  
Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor.  
Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy  
The distant fields that bore imperial Troy :  
Which, still accursed for Helen's broken vow,  
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.

I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,  
What future vengeance will my falsehood find,  
When kings and empires no forgiveness gain'd  
For violated rites, and faith profaned ?

Seafaring on that coast I led my life,  
A commoner of love, without a wife,  
Content with casual joys ; and vainly thought  
Venus forgave the perjured, or forgot.  
And now my sixtieth year began to shed  
An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head ;  
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame  
(I thought her such) for speedy passage came.  
A palsy shook her limbs ; a shrivell'd skin  
But ill conceal'd the skeleton within ;  
A monument of time : with equal grace  
Her garb had poverty to suit her face.  
Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,  
And steer my course before a merry gale ;  
Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,  
When in her lap a golden vase I spied ;  
Around so rich with orient gems enchased,  
A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.  
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,  
And sailing now secure amid the main,  
With felon force I seized the seeming crone,  
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.  
To Venus straight she changed divine to view !  
The laughing Loves around their mother flew :  
Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood,  
Such as she first ascended from the flood.  
I bow'd, adored.—With terror in her voice,  
‘ Thy violence (she cried) shall win the prize ;  
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair ;  
But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.

Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,  
For vows attested in the Malean shade.'—  
Wrapp'd in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,  
And, looking down, still threaten'd with her eyes.

My fear at length disspell'd, (the sight of gold  
Can make an avaricious coward bold)  
I seized the glittering spoil, in hope to find  
A case so rich with richer treasures lined.  
The lid removed, the vacant space enclosed  
An essence, with celestial art composed ;  
Which cures old age, and makes the shrivell'd cheek  
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek :  
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,  
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.  
Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have power  
To' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.

The' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,  
Some drops I sprinkled on my sunburnt hand ;  
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,  
The freckled brown imbibed a milky white ;  
So look the panther's varied sides ; and so  
The pheasant's wing bedropp'd with flakes of snow.  
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue  
Tinctured the whole meander'd o'er with blue.  
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space ;  
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face :  
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,  
And in the waves my changing visage view.  
Straight with my charms the watery mirror glows,  
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose !  
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find  
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.  
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,  
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.

Long wrapp'd in silent wonder, on the strand,  
I like a statue of Apollo stand :  
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread ;  
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red ;  
Like his, my limbs are shaped ; in every part  
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art :  
And golden curls adown my shoulders flow ;  
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow.  
Restored to youth, triumphant I repair  
To court ; to captivate the' admiring fair :  
My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,  
Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.  
There feel I first the penance of my sin ;  
All spring without, and winter all within !  
From me the sense of gay desire is fled,  
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.  
Or, if within my breast there chance to rise  
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys ;  
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam,  
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.  
Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,  
Hate strives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn :  
Confused with grief, I quit the court, to range  
In savage wilds ; and curse my penal change.  
The phœnix so restored with rich perfumes,  
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes ;  
Then flies to live amid the' Arabian grove,  
In barren solitude, a foe to love.  
But in the calm recess of woods and plains,  
The viper Envy revell'd in my veins ;  
And ever, when the male caress'd his bride,  
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.  
In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,  
To avenge the goddess, and awake my woes :

Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,  
Bless'd and revered the blissful powers of Love.

‘ What can I do for ease ? O, whither fly ?

Resume my fatal form, ye gods, (I cry) :

Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay ;  
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray !’

By change of clime, my sorrows to beguile,

I leave, for Sicily, my native isle ;

Vain hope ! for who can leave himself behind,  
And live a thoughtless exile from the mind ?

Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain

That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin train.

Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,

And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.

Me soon they saw, and, fired with pious joy,

‘ He comes, the godlike Acis comes, (they cry) :

Fair pride of Neptune's court ! indulge our prayer;

Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.

Accept our rites : to bind thy brow, we bring

These earliest honours of the rosy Spring :

So may thy Galatea still be kind,

As we thy smiling power propitious find !

But if—(they read their error in my blush ;

For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush.)

But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove ;

Refuse all other rites but those of love.’

That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound ;

Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound :

Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,

And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So, frightened by the swains, to reach the brake,

Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake ;

And whilst, revived in youth, his wavy train

Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain ;

He darts malignance from his scornful eye,  
And the young flowers with livid hisses die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,  
Convinced that Phaon would, but cannot, love :  
To torture and distract my soul, are join'd  
Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.  
The white and red that flatter on my skin,  
Hide hell ; the grinning furies howl within ;  
Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,  
And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair :  
Nor of less terror to the perjured prove  
The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play,  
Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him lay ;  
Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd ;  
But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd :  
So would thy Muse and lute awhile control  
My woes, and tune the discord of my soul :  
In sweet suspence each savage thought restrain'd ;  
And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.  
O Sappho, now that Muse and lute employ ;  
Invoke the golden goddess from the sky :  
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress,  
In love, Apollo boasts no sure success :  
Let him preside o'er oracles and arts ;  
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.  
O, let the warbled hymn<sup>1</sup> delight her ear ;  
Can she, when Sappho sings, refuse to hear ?  
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,  
While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.  
And when, descending to the plaintive sound,  
She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to her ode to Venus.

O, plead my cause ! in that auspicious hour,  
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.  
Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air  
She cries, ‘ I give my Phaon to thy prayer ;  
And, from his crime absolved, with all his charms  
He long shall live, and die in Sappho’s arms.’  
Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,  
I’ll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love :  
Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread  
Incessant raptures o’er the nuptial bed.  
And while in pomp at Cytherea’s shrine,  
With choral song and dance, our vows we join ;  
Her flaming altar with religious fear  
I’ll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear  
That zeal and love for ever shall divide  
My heart, between the goddess and the bride.

---

## A TALE.

DEvised IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF GENTIL  
MAISTER JEFFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,  
Who wyt h grete cheer, and litil werke,  
Upswalen was with venere :  
For meagre Lent ne recked he,  
Ne saintcs daies had in remembraunce,  
Mo will had he to daliaunce.  
To serchen out a bellamie,  
He had a sharp and licorous eie ;  
But it wold bett abide a leke,  
Or onion, than the sight of Greke ;

Wherfore, God yeve him shame, Boccace  
 Served him for Basil and Ignace,  
 His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,  
 Spake him the blitest priest on yearth ;  
 At chyrch, to show his lillied hond,  
 Full fetously he prank'd his bond ;  
 Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,  
 And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,  
 For a young damosell did pyne,  
 Born in East Cheap ; who, by my fay,  
 Ypert was as a popinjay :  
 Ne wit ne wordes did she waunt,  
 Wele cond she many a romaunt ;  
 Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,  
 She carrold soote as nightingale :  
 And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,  
 Withouten speche ; a speciall signe  
 She lack'd somdele of what ech dame  
 Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name :  
 So was eftsoons by Isaac won,  
 To blissful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the festes,  
 Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes ;  
 But withouten such gawdes, I trow  
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.  
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,  
 A tale shold never be too long ;  
 And sikerly in fayre Englond  
 None bett doeth taling understand.

She now, algates full sad to chaunge  
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,  
 To Kent mote ; for she wele did knowe  
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.

Sa wend they on one steed yfere,  
Each cleping toder life and dere;  
Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,  
Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.

Deem next ye maistress Wever sene  
Yclad in sable bombasine;  
The frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,  
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;  
And yeve honour parochiall  
In pew, and eke at festivall.  
Worschip and wealth her husbond hath;  
Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:  
Keeps bull, bore, stallion, to dispense  
Large pennorths of benevolence.  
His berne ycrammed was, and store  
Of poultie cackled at the dore;  
His wyfe grete joie to fede hem toke,  
And was astonied at the cocke;  
That, in his portance debonair,  
On everich henn bestow'd a share  
Of pleasaunce, yet no genitours  
She saw, to thrill his paramours:  
Oftsithes she mokel mused theron,  
Yet nist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to sleepen went,  
Her Isaac in her arms she hent,  
As was her usage; and did saie,  
‘ Of charite I mote thee pracie,  
To teachen myne unconnyng wit  
One thing it comprehendeth niet:  
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,  
If in myne quest thou falsen me.

‘ Our Chaanticlere loves everich hen,  
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten;

Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,  
 Ne ken I what he swinks wythall.  
 But on each leg a wepon is,  
 Ypersent, and full starke I wys ;  
 Doth he with hem at Pertelote play ?  
 In sooth theres werk inough for tway.'

Qd. Isaac, ' Certes by Sainct Poule,  
 Myne lief thou art a simple soule ;  
 Foules fro the egle to the wren,  
 Bin harness'd othergise than men :  
 For the males engins of delite  
 Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;  
 Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment  
 Emong the breers mought sore be shent,  
 Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce  
 Love of venereal jouisaunce :  
 And in one month, the trouth to sayne,  
 Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.'

' O Benedicite ! (qd. she),  
 If kepyng hote so kindlych be,  
 Hie in thyne boweles truss thyne gere,  
 And eke the skritte that daungleth here.'

' Ne dame, (he answer'd), mote that bene ;  
 For as I hope to be a dene,  
 Thilke Falstaffe-bellie rownd and big,  
 Was built for corny ale and pig :  
 Ne in it is a chink for these,  
 Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease.'

' Pardie, (qd. she) syth theres nat room,  
 Swete Nykin ! chafe hem in myne woom.'

## TO MR. POPE.

AN

## Imitation of a Greek Epigram in Homer.

IN WHICH A POET SUPPOSETH APOLLO TO HAVE GIVEN THIS  
ANSWER TO ONE WHO INQUIRED WHO WAS THE AUTHOR  
OF THE ILIAD.

Ηεδον μεν Ἐγων, τχαρασσε δε Σειος Ὄμηρος.

Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,  
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,  
‘ What theme, (they cried), what high immortal air,  
Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?’  
Replied the god, ‘ Your loftiest notes employ  
To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.’  
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,  
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.  
He answer’d with a frown; I now reveal  
A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.  
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,  
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,  
Which, unobserved, a wandering Greek and blind,  
Heard me repeat, and treasured in his mind;  
And, fired with thirst of more than mortal praise,  
From me the god of wit usurp’d the bays.  
‘ But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,  
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;

Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,  
And the White Isle with female power is bless'd,  
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Drawn by R. Westall, R.A.

Engraved by S. Carter.

Published No. 1, 1801 by John Sharpe  
Piccadilly.

Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,  
 And the White Isle with female power is bless'd,  
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,  
 And the translator's palm to me transfer ;  
 With less regret my claim I now decline,  
 The world will think this English Iliad mine.'

---

### THE PLATONIC SPELL<sup>1</sup>.

'WHENE'ER I wed, (young Strephon cried),  
 Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,  
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good humour give,  
 Or let me still a rover live :  
 But if all these no nymph can share,  
 Let mine, ye powers ! be doubly fair.'

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,  
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood ;  
 And, tapping him, said, ' Youth, be wise,  
 And let a child for once advise.  
 A faultless make, a managed wit,  
 Humour and riches, rarely meet :  
 But if a beauty you'd obtain,  
 Court some bright Phillis of the brain ;  
 The dear idea long enjoy,  
 Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.

' But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,  
 And know the ladies to a hair ;  
 Howe'er small poets whine upon it,  
 In madrigal, in song, and sonnet,

<sup>1</sup> This poem, with some variations, may be found in Stepney, vol. viii. under the title of 'The Spell.'



Drawn by R. Ward, R.A.

Engraved by A. Cardon.

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Their beauty's but a spell, to bring  
A lover to the' enchanted ring.  
Ere the sack-posset is digested,  
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,  
The winning air, the wanton trip,  
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,  
From which you fragrant kisses stole,  
And seem'd to suck her springing soul ;  
These, and the rest you doated on,  
Are nauseous, or insipid grown ;  
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,  
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.'

---

## MARULLUS TO NEERA.

## IMITATED.

ROBED like Diana, ready for the chase,  
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,  
Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn,  
To course the' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn.  
There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,  
The first and fairest of the rural train :  
And, by a small mistake, the power of love,  
Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove :  
Soon awed with innocence, to' evade her sight,  
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight :  
Though pleased, she blush'd, and, with a glowing  
smile,  
Pursued the god, and seized the golden spoil.  
The nymph, resistless in her native charms,  
Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms ;

And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,  
 Unerring in its speed each arrow flies,  
 No more his deity is held divine,  
 No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine ;  
 Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove  
 Her title to command the realms of Love.

---

## KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS,

## BASIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,  
 A violet couch for young Ascanius made,  
 Their opening gems the' obedient roses bow'd,  
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud :  
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower  
 Of nectar'd dews, perfumed the blissful bower.  
 Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,  
 Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms ;  
 New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,  
 And all Adonis rusheth on her soul :  
 Transported with each dear resembling grace,  
 She cries, ' Adonis !—sure I see thy face !'  
 Shen stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fears  
 He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears ;  
 Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,  
 Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays :  
 Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose  
 Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows ;  
 Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store !  
 Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.

Sudden her swans career along the skies,  
And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies ;  
Then, as where Ceres pass'd, the teeming plain  
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,  
So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,  
And by the power of genial magic grew ;  
A plenteous harvest ! which she deign'd to' impart,  
To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye roseate Kisses ! who remove  
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.  
Lo ! I your poet, in melodious lays,  
Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise ;  
Lays ! form'd to last, till barbarous Time invades  
The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.  
Sprung from the guardian of the Roman name<sup>1</sup>,  
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

## BASIUM II.

As the young enamour'd Vine  
Round her Elm delights to twine,  
As the clasping Ivy throws  
Round her Oak her wanton boughs ;  
So close, expanding all thy charms,  
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms !  
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,  
Would my fond arms encircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt, in vain,  
With humour, wit, and brisk champaigne ;  
In vain shall Nature call for sleep,  
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep :  
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,  
Dissolving in excess of joy,

<sup>1</sup> Venus.

Till Fate shall with a single dart  
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,  
And seek the bless'd Elysian groves ;  
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns  
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains :  
There, lovers of heroic name  
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,  
And o'er the fragrant vale advance,  
In shining pomp, to form the dance ;  
Or sing of love and gay desire,  
Responsive to the warbling lyre ;  
Reclining soft in blissful bowers,  
Purpled sweet with springing flowers ;  
And cover'd with a silken shade,  
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made :  
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,  
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom ;  
Through which the whispering Zephyrs fly,  
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those bless'd retreats,  
The assembly straight will leave their seats,  
Admiring much the matchless pair,  
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair !  
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,  
By Homer famed of old for love,  
In homage to the British Grace,  
Will give preeminence of place.  
Helen herself will soon agree  
To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

AN

## EPISTLE TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

Omnia me tua delectant ; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in  
 amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia ; tum lepos, hu-  
 manitas, literæ. CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,  
 Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,  
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,  
 That favourite verse to Lambard I decree :  
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove  
 A pledge and monument of lasting love !  
 Meantime, intent the fairest plan to find,  
 To form the manners, and improve the mind,  
 Me the famed wits of Rome and Athens please,  
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapp'd in ease ;  
 Whom all the rival muses strive to grace  
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.  
 Now truth's bright charms employ my serious  
 thought,  
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught :  
 Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,  
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove ;  
 While wonder and delight the soul engage  
 To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page ;  
 Where science in attractive fable lies,  
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.  
 Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain  
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,

Whose wings the Muse in better ages pruned,  
And their sweet harps to moral airs attuned.  
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,  
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid ;  
As wearied hinds accuse the lingering sun,  
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one :  
So dull to Horace<sup>1</sup> did the moments glide,  
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd  
To combat vice, and follies to expose,  
In easy numbers near allied to prose :  
Guilt blush'd and trembled, when she heard him  
sing ;

He smiled reproof, and tickled with his sting.  
With such a graceful negligence express'd,  
Wit, thus applied, will ever stand the test :  
But he, who blindly led by whimsey strays,  
And from gross images would merit praise,  
When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,  
Affects to polish copper in Peru :  
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,  
The saltiness of their waves offend the taste ;  
But when to heaven exhaled, in fruitful rain,  
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,  
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meagre  
grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,  
Toil up the Aonian steep to reach the crown ;  
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime  
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)  
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,  
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.  
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,  
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays ;

<sup>1</sup> Epist. 1. Lib. i.

And Death, perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,  
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short :  
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,  
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line :  
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man  
 To run the trifling race the boy began,  
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see  
 My circle end in second infancy.  
 I might ere long an awkward humour have,  
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave ;  
 Or round my room alternate take a course,  
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse :  
 Let others wither gay, but I'd appear  
 With sage decorum in my easy chair ;  
 Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,  
 Whilst gold and party-zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our riper age affords  
 Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.  
 To make his hours in even measures flow,  
 Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow ;  
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste  
 The now, without repining at the past ;  
 Nor the vain prescience of the spleen to employ,  
 To pall the flavour of a promised joy ;  
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,  
 In all events of various fate serene ;  
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey  
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay ;  
 These arts, my Lambard ! useful in their end,  
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,  
 In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys ;  
 With books and patrimonial plenty bless'd,  
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast !

Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,  
Nor the gay servitude of courts entrals ;  
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile,  
With a false cringe, or undermining smile ;  
His manners pure, from affectation free,  
And prudence shines through clear simplicity.  
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,  
Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,  
Sleep, unprovoked, will softly seal his eyes,  
And innocence the want of down supplies ;  
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board  
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford :  
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,  
Himself unseen, he sees the labouring crowd,  
Where all industrious to their ruin run,  
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.  
Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,  
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for  
gold ;  
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,  
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir :  
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,  
To sweat in purple, and repine in state ;  
Devote their powers to every wild extreme  
For the short pageant of a pompous dream :  
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring  
The fruits it early promised in the spring ;  
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,  
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade :  
So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,  
Her fragrant blooms the Indian<sup>2</sup> plant displays ;  
But the full day the short-lived beauties shun,  
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

<sup>2</sup> The nure-tree.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,  
And tempt the man to make the rash career.  
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,  
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul ;  
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,  
For these he strips ; farewell the tranquil mind !  
Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,  
And grey experience (but too late !) prevails :  
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,  
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool ;  
When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,  
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace :  
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,  
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain ;  
To him what healing balm can art apply,  
Who lives diseased with life, and dreads to die ?  
In that last scene, by fate in sables dress'd,  
Thy power, triumphant Virtue ! is confess'd ;  
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light  
Through death's dark vale, and vanquish total  
night ;  
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,  
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.  
Such, happy Twisden ! (ever be thy name  
Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame !)  
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,  
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own :  
So cassia, bruised, exhales her rich perfumes,  
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.  
Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleased to'  
impart,  
By too much varnish, or by want of art ;  
By solid science all her gifts are graced,  
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold encased.

Votes to the unletter'd squire the laws allow,  
As Rome received dictators from the plough :  
But arts, address, and force of genius, join  
To make a Hamner in the senate shine.  
Yet one presiding power in every breast  
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest :  
And they who study and discern it well,  
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel ;  
But court contempt, and err without redress,  
Missing the master-talent they possess.  
Whiston, perhaps, in Euclid may succeed,  
But shall I trust him to reform my creed ?  
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace  
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,  
With which her faultless shape and air agree ;  
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee ;  
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,  
Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.  
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,  
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout ;  
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite !)  
' He fish !'—Because the man attempts to write.  
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none  
But those the Muses bathe in Helicon,  
In what far distant age would Belgia raise  
One happy wit to net the British seas !

Nature permits her various gifts to fall  
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all :  
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear ;  
And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year ;  
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,  
To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil ?  
Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,  
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?

Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,  
And there the vine her racy purple yields.  
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,  
Proud to survey the seas her power defends ;  
Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,  
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,  
Apply we to the culture of the mind.  
This soil, in early youth improved with care,  
The seeds of gentle science best will bear ;  
That, with more particles of flame inspired,  
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fired ;  
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,  
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.  
If these from nature's genial bent depart,  
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;  
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,  
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball ;  
Should the rough homicide unsheathe his pen,  
And in heroics only murder men ;  
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,  
To face the foe with inoffensive arms ;  
Each would variety of acts afford,  
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

' Whither (you cry) tends all this dry discourse ?  
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.  
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay,  
To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !  
From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,  
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.'  
Faith, sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;  
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear :  
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,  
Indulge a volubility of tongue :

Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,  
And, counsel-proof, will never balk a theme.  
So Burgess on his tripod raved the more,  
When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe through error's thorny maze,  
Reason exerts her pure etherial rays ;  
But that bright daughter of eternal day  
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.  
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,  
And opiate all her active powers to rest ;  
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,  
To calcine all her beauteous images ;  
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,  
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne :  
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,  
Reason becomes a cully to the will :  
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,  
Hoodwinks the guide, assign'd to show the way ;  
And, in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,  
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,  
To steer by meteors ; which at random fly,  
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.

Vain of his skill, and led by various views,  
Each to his end a different path pursues ;  
And seldom is one wretch so humble known  
To think his friend's a better than his own :  
The boldest they, who least partake the light,  
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.  
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,  
But what became our choice we call our fate.  
‘ Villain, (said Zeno to his pilfering slave)  
What frugal nature needs, I freely gave ;  
With thee my treasure I deposed in trust,  
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust ?

' Sir, blame the stars, (felonious culprit cried)  
 We'll by the statute of the stars be tried.  
 If their strong influence all our actions urge,  
 Some are foredoom'd to steal'—‘ and some to  
 scourge :

The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,  
 As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.'

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard  
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard :  
 The critics hence may think themselves decreed  
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read ;  
 Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,  
 As monkeys draw their pedigree from man ;  
 To which (though by the breed our kind's disgraced)  
 We grant superior elegance of taste :  
 But, in their own defence, the wits observe  
 That, by impulse from Heaven, they write and  
 starve ;

Their patron-planet, with resistless power,  
 Irradiates every poet's natal hour ;  
 Engendering in his head a solar heat,  
 For which the college has no sure receipt,  
 Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,  
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain  
 As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane ;  
 She on the unguarded ear employs her art,  
 While vain Self-love unlocks the yielding heart ;  
 And Reason oft submits when both invade,  
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.  
 When Flattery's magic-mists suffuse the sight,  
 The don is active, and the boor polite ;  
 Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,  
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole ;

Each character in gay confusion lies,  
 And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise :  
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,  
 Though praise to venom turns, if wrong applied.  
 Me thus she whispers while I write to you :  
 ‘ Draw forth a banner’d host in fair review :  
 Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,  
 “ *Arms and the man*,” to sing in lofty lays :  
 Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,  
 Such as the son of Thetis<sup>3</sup> sung at Troy ;  
 When his high-sounding lyre his valour raised,  
 To emulate the demi-gods he praised.  
 Like him the Briton, warm at honour’s call,  
 At famed Blaragnia quell’d the bleeding Gaul ;  
 By France the genius of the fight confess’d,  
 For which our patron saint adorns his breast.’—

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,  
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,  
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,  
 But those who fell by physic or the law ?  
 Why is he for exploits in war renown’d,  
 Deck’d with a star, with bloody laurels crown’d ?  
 O often proved, and ever found sincere !  
 Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,  
 On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,  
 Which only can belong to great Argyle.

But most among the brethren of the bays,  
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,  
 In the sly commerce of alternate praise.  
 If, for his father’s sins condemn’d to write,  
 Some young half-feather’d poet takes a flight,  
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,  
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode ;

<sup>3</sup> *Iliad ix.*

Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,  
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars ;  
 Is it for me to prove in every part  
 The piece irregular by laws of art ?  
 His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate  
 May raise him to be premier-bard of state ;  
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,  
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame ;  
 Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,  
 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek !  
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,  
 And, courteous, with increase the debt repays :  
 Boileau's a mushroom if compared to me,  
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee !  
 Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success ;  
 Rise swift, ye laurels : boy ! bespeak the press —  
 Thus on imaginary praise we feed ;  
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read :  
 From the records of fame condemn'd to pass  
 To Brisquet's<sup>4</sup> calendar, a rubric-ass.

Few, wondrous few, are eagle-eyed to find  
 A plain disease, or blemish in the mind :  
 Few can, though wisdom should their health ensure,  
 Dispassionate and cool attend a cure ;  
 In youth disused to obey the needful rein,  
 Well pleased a savage liberty to gain,  
 We sate the keen desire of every sense,  
 And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :  
 Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,  
 Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,  
 Folly and pride, impatient of control,  
 The sister-twins of sloth, possess the soul.

<sup>4</sup> Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,  
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,  
I scarcely think his picture would have power  
To make him fight the champions of the tower ;  
Though lions there are tolerably tame,  
And civil as the court from which they came.  
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,  
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;  
Imagines he alone is amply fit  
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit :  
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,  
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,  
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,  
The aërial songsters, listening to the lays,  
By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.  
At length, to rival her enchanting note,  
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,  
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove ;  
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove,  
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,  
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane ;  
To his protectress there reveals the case,  
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus replied the radiant goddess, known  
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone :  
‘ My favourite bird ! of all the feather'd kind,  
Each species has peculiar gifts assign'd :  
The towering eagles to the realms of light  
By their strong pounces claim a regal right ;  
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,  
Low on the fishy river rows in state ;  
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,  
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck ;

But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,  
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.  
These various bounties were disposed above,  
And ratified the unchanging will of Jove :  
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;  
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.'

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## TO THE QUEEN,

## ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

FROM this auspicious day, three kingdoms date  
The fairest favours of indulgent Fate :  
From this, the months in radiant circles run,  
As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,  
The victor those revere, and these the friend ;  
Your silken reins the willing nations crave,  
For 'tis your loved prerogative to save.  
Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows  
On you renown, and freedom on your foes ;  
Observant of your will, the goddess brings  
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers  
Were once reserved for Eden's opening flowers ;  
So, though remoter realms your influence share,  
Britannia boasts to be your darling care.  
By your great wisdom and resistless might,  
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite :  
Nature had join'd the lands ; but you alone  
Make their affections and their councils one ;

You speak—the jarring principles remove,  
And, close combined, the sister-nations prove  
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen  
To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine ?  
Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,  
Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil :  
But you for right your pious arms employ,  
And conquer to restore, and not destroy :  
Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,  
You long to give the labouring world repose ;  
Concurring Justice waits from you the word,  
Pleased, when you fix the scales, to sheath the  
sword.

From this propitious omen we presage  
Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age :  
Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,  
Shall see new temples by your bounty rise ;  
Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,  
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;  
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,  
And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its power,  
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar :  
But, when our incense reconciles the skies,  
Again the radiant beams begin to rise ;  
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,  
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day ;  
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,  
And golden plenty covers all the plains.

## AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway,  
 At length the lusty Spring prevails ;  
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,  
 Is wafted by the western gales.  
 Around him dance the rosy Hours,  
 And, damasking the ground with flowers,  
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn :  
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,  
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy ;  
 Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awaked, the woodland choir  
 To hail the coming god prepares ;  
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,  
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.  
 Yet once more, O ye Muses ! deign,  
 For me, the meanest of your train,  
 Unblamed to' approach your bless'd retreat ;  
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,  
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,  
 Whose notes the' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invoked, where Thames's fruitful tides  
 Slow through the vale in silver volumes play,  
 Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,  
 Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day ;  
 Thither, indulgent to my prayer,  
 Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,

To swell the notes I feebly raise :  
So with inspiring ardours warm'd,  
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,  
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,  
Like Thracian Mars, the' undaunted Swede  
To dint of sword defies the foe ;  
In fight unknowing to recede :  
From Volga's banks, the' imperious Czar  
Leads forth his fury troops to war ;  
Fond of the softer southern sky :  
The Soldan galls the' Illyrian coast ;  
But soon the miscreant moony host  
Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note  
The Muse's green retreat can pierce ;  
The grove, from noisy camps remote,  
Is only vocal with my verse :  
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,  
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly  
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires :  
While the bright Seine, to exalt the soul,  
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,  
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,  
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)  
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caused his eare,  
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :  
There secret in her sapphire cell  
He with the Nais wont to dwell ;  
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove :  
And where her mazy waters flow,  
He gave the mantling vine, to grow  
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,  
With blind Opinion for his guide ;  
And, rebel to her rightful sway,  
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?  
Fool ! time no change of motion knows ;  
With equal speed the torrent flows,  
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away :  
The pass'd is all by death possess'd ;  
And frugal Fate, that guards the rest,  
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower ! through all that destined space  
What breath the powers allot to me  
Shall sing the virtues of thy race  
United, and complete in thee.  
O flower of ancient English faith,  
Pursue the' unbeaten patriot-path,  
In which confirm'd thy father shone :  
The light his fair example gives,  
Already from thy dawn receives  
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,  
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;  
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,  
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.

There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,  
With Falkland seated near his side,  
Fix'd by the Muse, the temple grace :  
Prophetic of thy happier fame,  
She, to receive thy radiant name,  
Selects a whiter space.

## THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

To green retreats that shade the Muses' stream,  
My fancy lately bore me in a dream;  
Fired with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,  
And Blenheim's field, and famed Ramillia sung:  
Fast by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,  
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.  
Phœbus, in his Castalian grotto laid,  
O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,  
Spied me, and hastily, when first he spied,  
Thus leaning on his golden lyre, he cried :

‘ What strange ambition has misplaced thee  
Forbear to sing of arms, alas, forbear ! [there ?  
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ  
Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.  
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,  
Preferr'd to grace the toilets of the fair :  
When their loved youths at night too long delay,  
In reading thee they'll pass the hours away :  
And, when they'd make their melting wishes known,  
Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.  
Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,  
Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main.’

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god  
A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :  
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone  
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;  
With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were graced,  
. And earthen gods on either side were placed.

Silenus, and the Muses' virgin-train,  
Stood here, with Pan, the poet of the plain :  
Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team  
Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursued,  
For ivy one was sent to search the wood ;  
This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs,  
And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.  
Me thus the bright Calliope address'd  
(Her name the brightness of her form confess'd) :  
' The silver swans of Venus wait to bear  
Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.  
Pleased with thy peaceful province, straight recall  
Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.  
Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,  
But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.  
No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,  
Let love for ever be the tender theme,  
And in thy verse reveal the moving art,  
To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart.'

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,  
My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er,  
Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side  
Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY  
**MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.**  
WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,  
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades ;  
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,  
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.  
In vain ! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,  
Inflame the raptured soul with rays divine :  
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,  
And Love, with vocal art, informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,  
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,  
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe ;  
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.  
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,  
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast :  
But, fired to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,  
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urged his toil.  
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,  
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,  
To melting strains attuned her voice, and strove  
To waken all the tender powers of love :  
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,  
Than Juno graced with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite  
Their radiance, and refine each other's light :  
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,  
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray :

Illumined thence in equal lays to bound  
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;  
With varied notes the curious ear to please,  
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.  
Maker, and model, of melodious verse !  
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.  
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,  
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise !  
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs  
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley ! view.  
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you,  
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,  
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.  
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,  
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime ;  
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;  
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.  
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight  
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white ;  
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme ;  
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.  
A sainted virtue to the spheres may sing  
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king,  
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease  
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,  
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame ;  
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name ;  
Thus Eden's rose, without a thorn, display'd  
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.  
Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,  
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd ;  
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,  
While love was all the pensive care of life,

The swains in green retreats, with flowerets crown'd,  
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:  
Fancy pursued the paths where Beauty led,  
To please the living, or deplore the dead.  
While to their warbled woe the rocks replied,  
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd;  
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair  
Breathed in a flower, or sparkled in a star.  
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers  
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;  
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,  
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.  
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name  
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;  
When you to full meridian lustre rise,  
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;  
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien;  
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:  
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,  
To language, mode, and manners, more refined!  
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,  
Mild as the dove-eyed Morn awakes the May,  
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,  
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.  
Far beaming thence what bright ideas flow!  
The sister arts with sudden rapture glow:  
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes;  
The canvass warm with roseate beauty blooms:  
Inspired with life by Sculpture's happy toil,  
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;  
Proud to receive the form, by Fate design'd  
The fairest model of the fairer kind.  
But hear, O hear, the Muse's heavenly voice!  
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice;

Attend, ye gales ! to Margareta's praise,  
And, all ye listening Loves, record the lays !  
So Philomela charms the' Idalian grove,  
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,  
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign ;  
The first, the brightest of the starry train.

What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,  
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize ?  
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains  
Trophies, achieved on Gallia's viny plains ;  
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,  
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays :  
Adorn, ye Fates ! the favourite youth assign'd,  
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind :  
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;  
Great without pride, and amiably good ;  
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,  
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.  
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd :  
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.  
In courts and camps, in council and retreat,  
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state.  
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;  
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.  
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,  
And give the various good comprised in you.

## PROLOGUE

## TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

WHEN realms are ravaged with invasive foes,  
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;  
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,  
Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids;  
But active in the foremost ranks appear,  
And leave young smock-faced beaux to guard the  
So, to repel the Vandals of the stage, [rear.  
Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage :  
He throws the gauntlet Otway used to wield,  
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field :  
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,  
Messieurs ! lay down your minstrels and grimace :  
The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,  
When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.  
Yet what avails the champion's giant size,  
When pygmies are made umpires of the prize ?  
Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)  
Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers :  
By their examples would you form your taste,  
The present age might emulate the past.  
We hoped that art and genius had secured you ;  
But soon facetious Harlequin allured you :  
The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting  
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting :  
So charm'd you were, you ceased awhile to dote  
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat :  
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,  
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.

Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,  
To whet your appetites for wholesome food :  
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines  
Without substantial haunches and surloins.  
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;  
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.  
Instead of light desserts and luscious froth,  
Our poet treats to night with Spartan broth ;  
To which, as well as all his former feasts,  
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.  
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,  
That bloom amid the winter of his days,  
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,  
To consecrate his wreath at Beauty's shrine.  
His Oroonoko never fail'd to engage  
The radiant circles of the former age :  
Each bosom heaved, all eyes were seen to flow,  
And sympathize with Isabella's woe :  
But Fate reserved, to crown his elder fame,  
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.

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## ON THE

FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT<sup>1</sup>.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,  
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power  
To' attend the rich, unenvied by the poor.  
Thou that dost Esculapius deride,  
And o'er his gallipots in triumph ride ;

<sup>1</sup> The compilers having omitted some pretty verses, I have put them in here. Dr. J.

Thou that art used to' attend the royal throne,  
And under-prop the head that bears the crown ;  
Thou that dost oft in privy-council wait,  
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state ;  
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,  
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;  
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe  
Emphatically urge the pains below ;  
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,  
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;  
Thou that art used to sit on ladies' knee,  
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;  
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;  
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?  
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?  
To visit my poor tabernacle, O— !

As Jove vouchsafed on Ida's top, 'tis said,  
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;  
Pleased with the poor but hospitable feast,  
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;  
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,  
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)  
My humble suit !—And either give me store  
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

## HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

### IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES<sup>1</sup>.

SINCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,  
And Winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us below;  
Since the rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same  
speed [read,  
As criminals move towards the psalm they can't

<sup>1</sup> Which were thus dedicated, by Mr. Fenton, to Lionel Earl of Dorset and Middlesex :

' My lord, I hope, on your return from having been admired in foreign courts to adorn our own, you will not be surprised with a privilege the poets assume, of being troublesome to persons of your rank. But they have more particularly applied themselves to your lordship's family, in which a continued race of genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged its professors. We owe the rise of our English tragedy to one of your lordship's ancestors, who fixed us second to the Greek stage before Shakspeare wrote. And, my lord, your father came the nearest of all the moderns to Horace, in the sweetness and gallantry of his lyrics, and equalled him in satire. Thus the stream flows pure in its descent, to receive a farther increase from your lordship. We read of a Scipio and a Mæcenas, who used to soften the troublesome honours of state by conversing with the Muses; and cherish those arts of which they themselves were masters: yet, as single instances of this kind are not frequent, so the vein is very seldom found to have continued a second generation. But, in your lordship's line, Nature seems industrious to preserve the genius of poetry, by successively uniting delicacy of taste, and brightness of wit, with the greatest abilities for council and action. Thus she reconciles the seasons in her most generous productions, by allowing them to bear fruit and blossoms together, and both in perfection. These shining qualities made your father the delight

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves  
on the fire,  
To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire ;  
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,  
But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.  
Come, pierce your old hogsheads, ne'er stint us in  
sherry,  
For this is the season to drink and be merry ;  
That, revived by good liquor and billets together,  
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold  
weather.  
We'll have no more of business ; but, friend, as  
you love us,  
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.  
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour  
remains,  
And active brisk blood does enliven your veins,  
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,  
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress  
the night :

and wonder of his age ; and had he not survived himself in  
your lordship, he had been the envy of ours. The praises  
which he received from the most refined wits of our nation  
have proved real prophecies of you ; and it is with pleasure  
we foresee, that posterity, to deserve the highest characters,  
will form themselves on the model of your family, and copy  
from my lords of Dorset as the finest originals. But, my  
lord, I am afraid I shall forfeit all hopes of your patronage,  
by violating your modesty ; and therefore I only beg leave  
to add, that as the cabinet and the field have been happily  
supplied, to render her majesty's reign, at least, a rival to her  
virgin predecessor's ; so to complete the parallel, it was  
necessary that you, my lord, like another Sidney, should  
arise, to receive the softer arts into your protection ; to ex-  
cite the young writers of this age to attempt those actions in  
verse, which will shine so fairly distinguished in our British  
story. My lord, I am your lordship's most humble, and most  
obedient servant,

E. FENTON.'

In the dark you may try whether Phillis is kind,  
The night for intriguing was ever design'd ;  
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a  
shade,  
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid :  
All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful  
sinner,  
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner ;  
But remember this counsel, when once you have  
met her,  
' Get a ring from the fair one, or something that's  
better !'

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## CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

## TRANSLATED.

LET's live, my dear, like lovers too,  
Nor heed what old men say or do.  
The falling Sun will surely rise,  
And dart new glories through the skies.  
But when we fall, alas ! our light  
Will set in everlasting night.  
Come, then, let mirth and amorous play  
Be all the business of the day.  
Give me this kiss—and this—and this !  
A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss  
Till we ourselves cannot express,  
Nor any lurking spy confess,  
The boundless measure of our happiness.

## CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man, who all his days does pass  
In the paternal cottage of his race ;  
Where first his trembling infant steps he tried,  
Which now supports his age, and once his youth  
employ'd.

This was the cottage his forefathers knew,  
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too ;  
Unequal fortunes, and ambition's fate,  
Are things experience never taught him yet.  
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,  
Nor breathed he ever any air but of his native shore.  
Free from all anxious interests of trade,  
No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :  
He never battle's wild confusions saw,  
Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.  
A stranger to the town and town employs,  
Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and  
noise ;  
He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.  
Nor does the year by change of consuls know,  
The year his fruit's returning seasons show ;  
Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,  
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.  
The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,  
Point out the hourly courses of the sun.  
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,  
Whose tender setts his infancy beheld.  
Of distant India, Erythræan shores,  
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,

(Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,  
 Alike believes them, and with like regard.  
 Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire  
 The health and vigour of their brawny sire.  
 The spacious globe let those that will survey,  
 This good old man, content at home to stay,  
 More happy years shall know, more leagues and  
 countries they.

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## MARTIAL.

## LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

WOULD you, my friend, in little room express  
 The just description of true happiness ;  
 First set me down a competent estate,  
 But raised and left me by a parent's sweat ;  
 ('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get :)  
 Not large, but always large enough to yield  
 A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.  
 Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,  
 And rarely pester'd with a town employ.  
 Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,  
 A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear,  
 As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,  
 And neither weak, nor boorishly robust.  
 Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise ;  
 Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice :  
 But suited to my humour and degree,  
 Not nice, but easily pleased, and fit for me ;  
 So let my board and entertainments be.

With wholesome homely food, not served in state,  
 What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.  
 Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,  
 At equal distance from debauch and care.  
 To bed retiring, let me find it bless'd  
 With a kind modest spouse and downy rest:  
 Pleased always with the lot my Fates assign,  
 Let me no change desire, no change decline;  
 With every turn of Providence comply,  
 Nor tired with life, nor yet afraid to die.

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## HORACE.

## BOOK III. ODE III.

AN honest mind, to Virtue's precepts true,  
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:  
 Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,  
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his com-  
 mands.

Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,  
 He braves the' almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.  
 If all the heavenly orbs, confusedly hurl'd,  
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world;  
 Undaunted he the mighty crush would hear,  
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old  
 Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.  
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,  
 By all the' immortal deities caress'd;

He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,  
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.  
 This was the path the frisking tigers trod,  
 Dragging the car that bore their jolly god,  
 Who fix'd in Heaven his crown and his abode.  
 Romulus by Mars through this bless'd path was  
 shown,

And scaped the woes of gloomy Acheron.  
 In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,  
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day ;  
 For him even Juno's self pronounced a word,  
 Grateful to all the' ethereal council-board.

' O Ilion ! Ilion ! I with transport view  
 The fall of all thy wicked perjured crew ;  
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge  
 To that cursed shepherd, that incestuous judge ;  
 Nay, even Laomedon his gods betray'd,  
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.  
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest  
 No more are in their pomp and jewels dress'd ;  
 No more is Hector licensed to destroy,  
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjured Troy.  
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,  
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.  
 The god of battle now has ceased to roar,  
 And I, the queen of Heaven, pursue my hate no  
 more.

I now the Trojan priestess' son will give  
 Back to his warlike sire, and let him live  
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use  
 Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice ;  
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,  
 And wear the easy order of the gods.

In this bless'd state I grant him to remain,  
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main ;  
While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,  
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.  
Let the exiled Trojans reign in every land,  
And let the Capitol triumphant stand,  
And all the tributary world command.  
Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads,  
Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.  
With conquering terror let her arms extend  
Her mighty name to shores without an end ;  
Where midland seas divide the fruitful soil  
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.  
Let them be greater by despising gold,  
Than digging it from forth its native mould.  
To be the wicked instrument of ill,  
Let sword and ruin every country fill,  
That strives to stop the progress of her arms ;  
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms ;  
But where the fields in endless winter lie,  
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.  
But yet, on this condition, I decree  
The warlike Romans happy destiny :  
That, when they universal rule enjoy,  
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy :  
For then all ugly omens shall return,  
And Troy be built but once again to burn ;  
Even I myself a second war will move,  
Even I, the sister and the wife of Jove.  
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,  
And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,  
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks ; and thrice again  
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,  
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.'

But whither wouldest thou, soaring Muse, aspire,  
To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir ?  
Alas ! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,  
To sing, in humble notes, such mighty things :  
No more the secrets of the gods relate,  
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

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## THE ROSE.

SEE, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose,  
The image of thy blush,  
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,  
And triumphs as it grows !  
'Oh, pluck it not ! we'll come anon,'  
Thou say'st. Alas ! 'twill then be gone,

Now its purple beauty's spread,  
Soon it will droop and fall,  
And soon it will not be at all ;  
No fine things draw a length of thread.  
Then tell me, seems it not to say,  
'Come on, and crop me whilst you may ?'

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## EPIGRAM,

## OUT OF MARTIAL.

MILO's from home ; and, Milo being gone,  
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son :  
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field ?  
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

BY WALTER HARTE, M.A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,  
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms ;  
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,  
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)  
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,  
The impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of Fate,  
What turns of Fortune, on good writers wait.  
The party slave will wound them as he can,  
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.  
Nay, even the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,  
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd ;  
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by power,  
Still search around for those they may devour ;  
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,  
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,  
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair :  
On the pleased ear their soft deceits employ ;  
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.  
These are the unhappy crimes of modern days ;  
And can the best of poets hope for praise ?

How small a part of human blessings share  
The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair !

Short is the date unhappy Wit can boast,  
 A blaze of glory in a moment lost !  
 Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,  
 Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.  
 So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,  
 Unmanly Paris tuned the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause.  
 'Tis sure a scandal to withhold applause ;  
 Nor let posterity, reviling, say,  
 'Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away !'  
 Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim,  
 (A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame)  
 Soon shalt thou shine 'in majesty avow'd,  
 As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud'.  
 Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,  
 With mighty interest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's<sup>2</sup> strokes, thy verses we behold,  
 Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.  
 At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,  
 And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.  
 Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,  
 Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.  
 There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away  
 With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse ! at that name each thought of pride recall,  
 Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall !  
 What though the Sisters every grace impart,  
 To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart :  
 What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine  
 Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine :

<sup>1</sup> Fenton's epistle to Southerne. *H.*

<sup>2</sup> Leonardo da Vinci. *N.*

Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,  
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!  
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage  
Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:  
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;  
Thus Chaucer is<sup>3</sup>, and Fenton thus shall be!

<sup>3</sup> Evidently borrowed from Pope's Essay on Criticism,  
485.      ' And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.'

END OF VOL. XXIV.



